

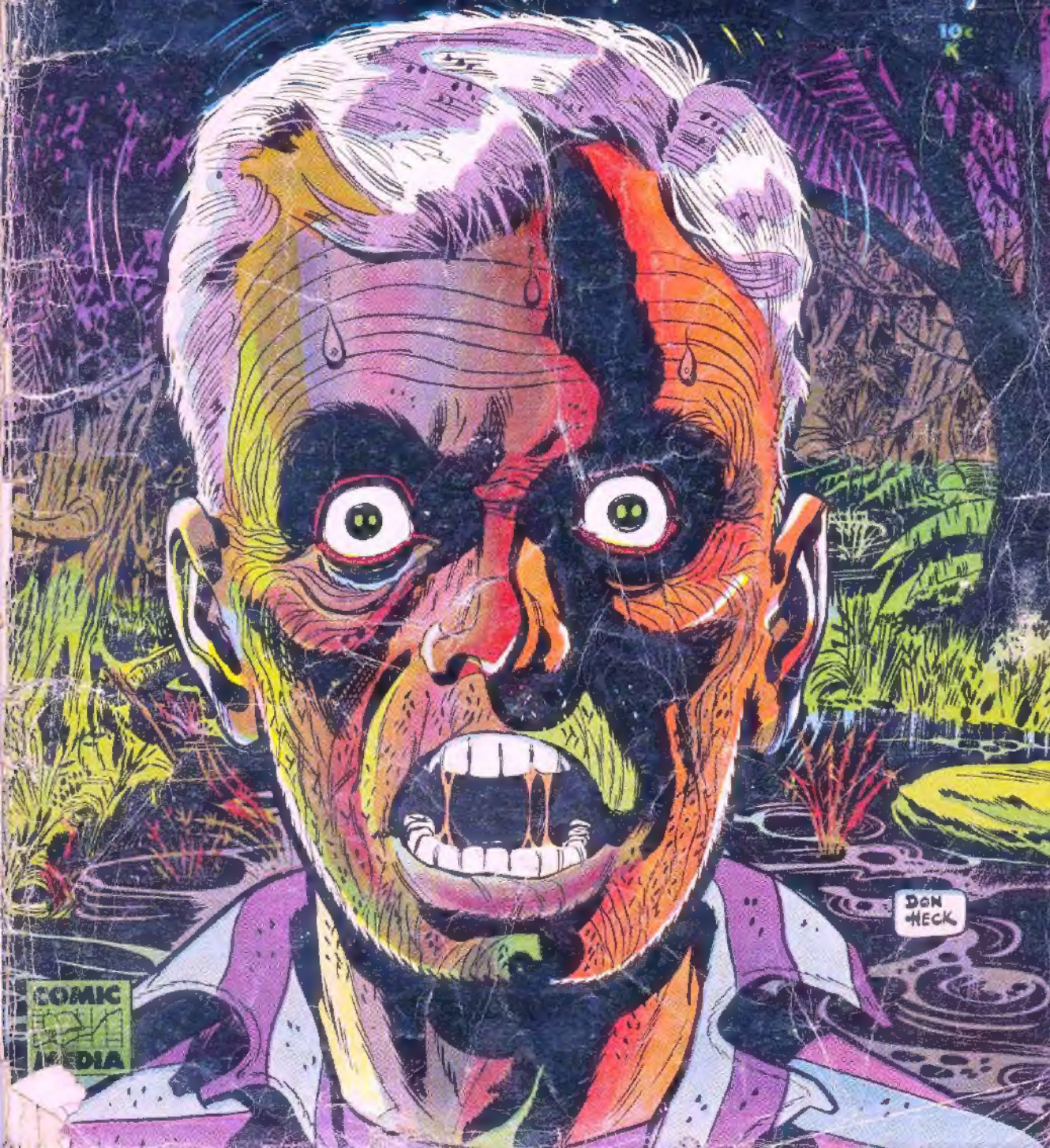
PAGE
NO. 5

WEIRD TALES OF TERROR

HORRIFIC

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PROF. CASPER SKEEZER WANTED A GIRL THAT WOULD LOVE HIM ONLY. HE DECIDED TO BUILD ONE... BUT HE FORGOT ONE THING.... A STEEL ROBOT KISSES YOU WITH A...

DEATH KISS

IT BEGINS IN A CHEAP, SMOKY TAVERN ON THE WATERFRONT. THERE'S NOTHING UNUSUAL ABOUT A WATERFRONT TAVERN. TOUGH GUYS, TOUGH GALS...

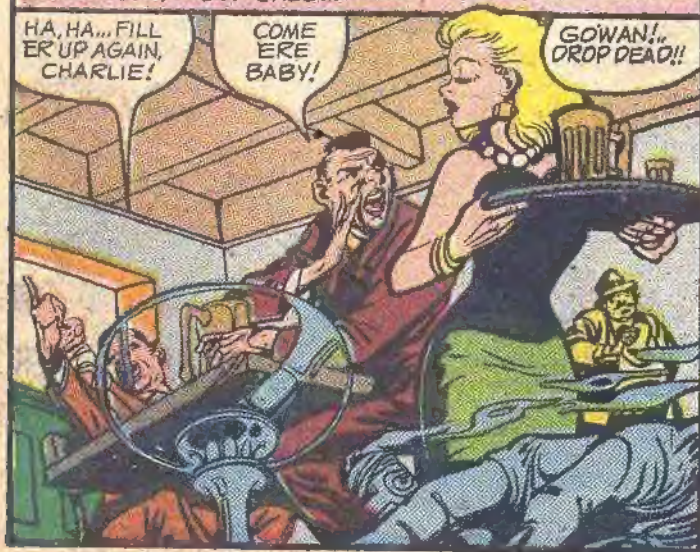
HA, HA... FILL ER UP AGAIN, CHARLIE!

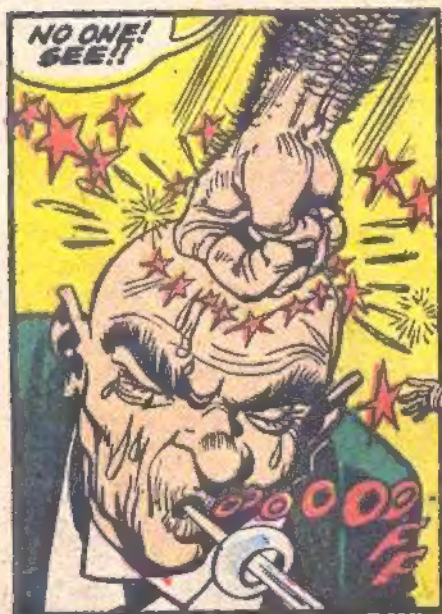
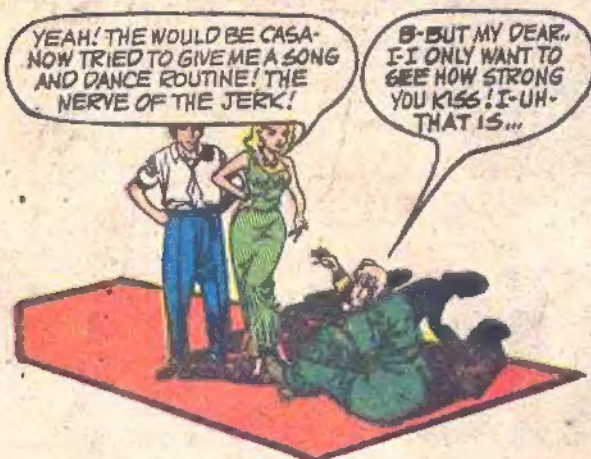
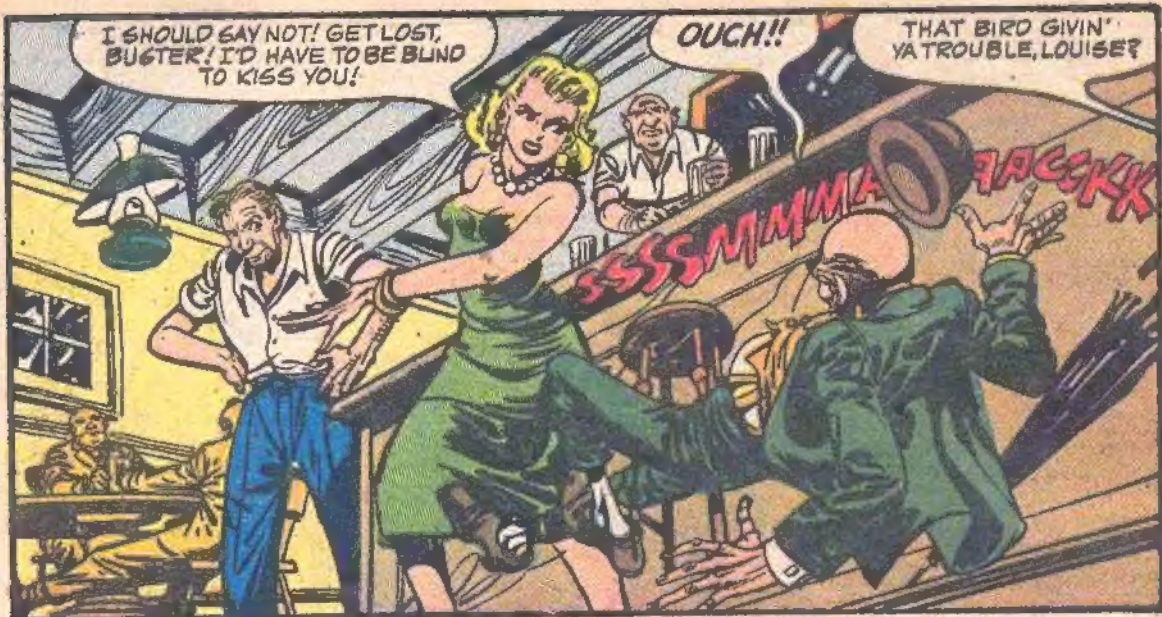
COME ERE BABY!

GOWAN!! DROP DEAD!!

BUT THE DIFFERENCE IS... PROF. CASPER SKEEZER... A FRUSTRATED LOVER... A FUNNY LITTLE MAN IN A FUNNY LITTLE SUIT...

PSST... BUZZ.. ZZAZZZZZZ..





YES... A FUNNY-LITTLE MAN, BUT NOT WHEN HE'S INSIDE HIS LABORATORY...

LAUGH AT ME, WILL THEY? ALL RIGHT! THEN I'LL JUST LEAVE RITA WITH HER FULL STRENGTH IN HER ORAL MUSCLES!



LET ME SEE NOW!...I'LL CHANGE THIS CRANIUM WIRE TO THE CENTER CORTEX...AND SWITCH AROUND THE TRANSMITTER A BIT!!



TWO HOURS AND FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS OF ELECTRICITY LATER...

OOHHH! I FEEL SO SLEEPY...

MY WORD! IT MOVES! I... I'VE DONE IT!!



OF COURSE, YOU IDIOT! WHAT DID YOU EXPECT! YOU'VE BEEN WORKING ON ME LONG ENOUGH! I'M THE ONLY GIRL WHO LOVES YOU! KISS ME! LOVER!

UH-N...NOT YET MY DEAR!

HEAVENS...WHERE IS THE CONTROL BOX? AH... WHEW!



BUT I INSIST! YOU MADE ME FOR LOVE! I NEED KISSES! I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT THEM!

..A-AND I CAN'T LIVE WITH THEM! SHE'LL CRUSH ME TO DEATH!

BUT YOU'RE NOT EXPERIENCED YET!



EXPERIENCE? DO I NEED IT TO KISS YOU?

Y-YES! OF COURSE YOU DO! YOU MUST LEARN HOW TO KISS! GO TO THE TAVERN ON WATERFRONT ST. AND FIND THE BIGGEST, BRAINIEST MAN THERE! GO!



ALL RIGHT, DARLING! BUT I'LL BE BACK! I LOVE YOU!!



WHEW! I-IVE CREATED A FEMALE FRANKENSTEIN! GOOD THING THE ELECTRIC REGULATOR CONTROLS HER. I HATE TO THINK WHAT'D HAPPEN IF IT DIDN'T! I PITY THOSE GUYS AT THE TAVERN, THEY'LL LEARN NOW!!



THIS IS GOING TO BE A VERY UNLUCKY NIGHT FOR THESE TAVERN CUSTOMERS, FOR THROUGH THE SWINGING DOORS COMES...

WOW! WHAT A GORGEOUS DISH!!

WHEW!!



I WANT YOU! YOU'RE THE TALLEST, STRONGEST LOOKING, MOST MUSCULAR MAN HERE!

YOU NUTS OR SOMETHING, SISTER? GET LOST! BEAT IT!! SCRAM!!



SHALL WE GO HANDSOME, OR DO I KISS YOU HERE??

YOU TALKED ME INTO IT, BABY! I LIKE GALS LIKE YOU! WHAT STRENGTH SO LONG, CHUMS! WE'RE GONNA HAVE US A BALL! HA, HA, HA!!



AND INTO THE DINGY DEN OF THIS MUSCLE-
BOUND WATERFRONT ROMEO GOES OUR LITTLE
GIRL... EAGER AND EXCITED, SO LOVELY, SO DEADLY...

WANNA
DRINK,
SUGAR?

NO, LOVER BOY! I JUST WANT TO
KISS YOU AND KISS YOU!!

THEN WHAT ARE
WE WAITING FOR?
BOY, WHAT A BREAK!

HERE WE GO
SWEETHEART!!



STRONG ARMS
WRAP THEM-
SELVES AROUND
HUMAN FLESH.
QUIVERING
IRON-FIRM
LIPS CLAMP
DOWN ON
FLUSHED
FEATURES AND
TREMBLING
LITTLE BREATHES
EMERGE WITH
RAPTURE
DIVINE...

BABY, BABY... YOU
SURE KNOW HOW
TO KISS--LET ME
UP FOR AIR! I'LL...
+ GLUG +

KISS ME!
KISS ME!
KISS ME!



Y-YEAH... BUT GIVE ME
SOME AIR... LET ME
GO! UGH... GLUG...

BUT I THOUGHT
YOU WANTED
TO KISS ME!



RATTLE, RATTLE
+ GLUG... GGG... +

YOU LOOK SO PRETTY
WHEN YOU'RE PURPLE,
PRECIOUS! BUT, WHY DON'T
YOU MOVE?



ALAS, POOR RITA, YOUR LOVER WON'T BE ABLE TO
ANSWER YOU. BUT THERE'S NO USE WAITING FOR
HIM TO BREATHE AGAIN. THE BEST THING TO DO IS
FIND ANOTHER SWEETHEART...

WHAT'S YOUR RUSH,
HONEY? HOW'S ABOUT
A LITTLE KISS?

WHY NOT?





YAA-A-AHH!
-MMMMMMNNH-

YOU MEN ARE
SO WEAK!

BACK TO HER 'LOVE-DADDY'
OUR LITTLE RITA GOES. BUT
CASPER SKEETER IS WAITING
FOR HER WITH OPEN ARMS-
WELL, WAITING...ANYWAY...

I'M BACK, DEAR!
MY IT'S DARK IN
HERE! I CAN
KISS YOU NOW,
SWEETHEART!
WHERE ARE YOU?

WHERE
YOU CAN'T
FIND ME,
YOU
MONSTER
!!



THERE! MY WORD! I DON'T
KNOW MY OWN STRENGTH!!

S
M
M
A
S
C
L
A
N
K



I'M SORRY, MY DEAR... BUT I CREATED YOU FROM
NOTHINGNESS, SO I CAN DESTROY YOU JUST AS
EASILY! YOU SERVED YOUR PURPOSE! YOU NO LONGER
INTEREST ME! NOW I CAN STUDY SOME OTHER
SCIENTIFIC PROBLEM!



YOU HURT ME..
SWEETHEART.
BUT RITA FOR-
GIVES YOU. NOW
COME HERE AND
KISS ME!

YAA-AHH!!
GOT TO OPEN
THIS FLASK!
GOT TO!...

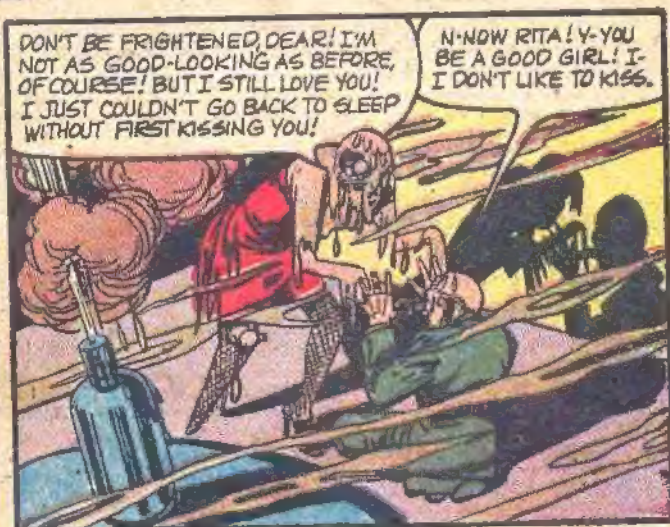
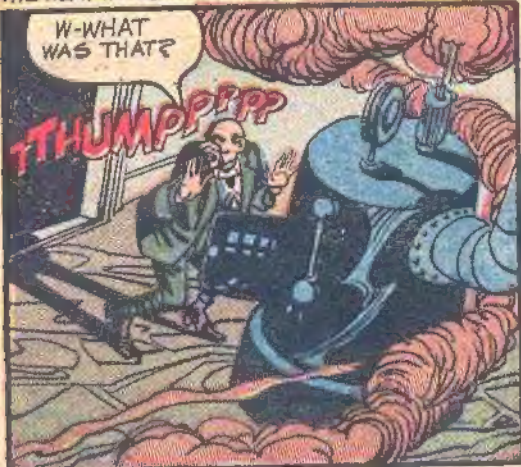


CRUMBLE TO
RUST, YOU HORRIBLE
CREATURE!



WHEW! I WAS INSANE TO THINK I
COULD CONTROL A SIREN ROBOT!
MY NEXT MODEL WILL BE A MAN!
AT LEAST THEY'RE EMOTIONALLY
STABLE! NOW TO GET RID OF THIS
MESS!!

NOW INTO THE CELLAR FURNACE OUR LITTLE RITA GOES... AND CASPER PREPARES TO TURN ON THE HEAT IN HIS CHILLY LAB, MOMENTS LATER, THEN...



YOU CAN THEREFORE PRESUME, DEAR READER, THAT PROFESSOR CASPER SKEETER GOT THE KISS OF HIS LIFE! SO IF YOU SHOULD HAPPEN TO HEAR A STRANGE CLANKING NOISE BEHIND YOU ONE DARK NIGHT, DON'T TRY TO RUN AWAY! ... YOU WON'T GET FAR... IT'S ONLY OUR SWEET DEAR RITA, JUST DYING TO TOUCH YOUR LIPS WITH THE... KISS OF DEATH!!

"With God All Things Are Possible!"

Dear Friend:

Are You Facing Problems of Any Kind?

Are You Worried About Your Health?

*Are You Worried About Money Troubles, or
Your Job?*

Are You Worried About Some One Dear To You?

*Are You Worried About Your Children, Your Home
Life, Your Marriage?*

Do You Ever Get Lonely, Unhappy or Discouraged?

*Would You Like To Have More Happiness, Success,
"Good Fortune" in Life?*

If you have any of these **PROBLEMS**, or others like them, dear friend, then here is wonderful news—news of a thrilling **NEW WAY** of **PRAYER** that is helping men and women everywhere to meet the **PROBLEMS** of their lives more happily, triumphantly and successfully than ever before!

And, this **NEW WAY** of **PRAYER** can just as surely bring a whole new world of happiness and joy to **YOU**!

Founded upon a modern psychological interpretation of the Scriptures, this **NEW WAY** of **PRAYER** is designed to bring the love and power of God into your daily life in a more real and direct way than you have ever known.

To bring you the glorious Wisdom and Beauty of the Bible we all love so well, and to help you apply in a practical way the Teachings of Jesus Christ so that the **ABUNDANT LIFE**—of health, happiness and prosperity which He promised can really be yours!

It doesn't matter what part **PRAYER** has had in your life up until now!

If you are one for whom **PRAYER** has always been a glorious blessing—then this **NEW WAY** will make **PRAYER** even more wonderful and blessed for you!

Or, if you have turned to **PRAYER** only once in a while in the past—if sometimes you have felt you just couldn't make God hear you—then this **NEW WAY** may open a whole new world of **FAITH** and **SPIRITUAL UNDERSTANDING** for you. You will find God's **LOVE** and **POWER** coming right into your daily life in a more real and direct way than ever before!

GOD LOVES YOU!

He wants you to be happy! He wants to help you! So don't wait, dear friend! Don't let another minute go by! If you are troubled, worried or unhappy **IN ANY WAY**—please, please clip the handy coupon now and mail with 10c stamps or coin so we can send you **FULL INFORMATION** by **AIR MAIL** about this wonderful **NEW WAY** of **PRAYER** which is helping so many, many others and may just as surely and quickly help **YOU**!

The reason we are so sure we can help you is that, for more than ten years, we have been helping other men and women just like you to live closer to God—to be happier and more successful! We know this because we get wonderful, wonderful letters like these in almost every mail!

"The dark clouds have rolled away and the sun of Christ has come in!"—H.D., Balt., Md.

"I believe you have a heaven sent message for everyone!"—Mrs. D.W., Mo.

"What a comfort, what a blessing, what a help your Prayers are!"—Mr. C.S.M., Ala.

"More prosperity and happiness in our home than the whole twenty years before!"—Myrtle P., Merryville, La.

"You have taught me to pray and it's been the happiest time of my life!"—Viola G., Homer, Ill.

"I feel better than in years and the Doctor said he never saw me like this!"—A.B., Augusta, Ga.

"God is daily showering His blessings on me!"—Augusta E., Ill.

"I sincerely believe God directed me to you!"—Mrs. A.S., Wis.

Receiving wonderful letters like these makes us very happy, and it would make us very happy to help you! But we can't begin until you send us the coupon below.

So, don't wait, dear friend! If you have **PROBLEMS** of any kind—if you would like to have a **MORE ABUNDANT LIFE**—of **BETTER HEALTH**, **GREAT PROSPERITY**, **TRUE HAPPINESS**—please, please don't let another minute slip by! Clip and mail the coupon now, so we can send you our wonderful **NEW MESSAGE** of **PRAYER** and **FAITH** by **AIR MAIL**. We promise you—you will bless this day!

Your friends who want to help you in

LIFE-STUDY FELLOWSHIP

Just Clip and Mail This Coupon Now!

You Will Surely Bless This Day!

Life-Study Fellowship, Box 7902,

Noroton, Conn.

Dear Friends,

Please send me your wonderful **NEW MESSAGE** of **PRAYER** and **FAITH** by **AIR MAIL**. Enclosed is 10c in stamps or coin. Thank you!
(Please Print Clearly)

Your Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

EVIL, LIKE HISTORY, REPEATS ITSELF! HIGH ON TOP OF A WESTERN HILL, THE SINS OF THE LONG-DEAD RETURN TO PUNISH LIVING SINNERS WHEN TWO MODERN KILLERS MEET THE GHOSTS OF...

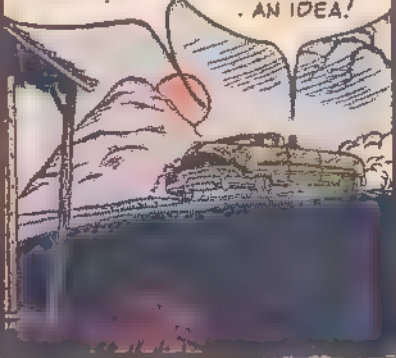
murder mountain



RUNNING FOR THEIR LIVES, A PAIR OF BANK ROBBERS FLEE FROM AN ANGRY WESTERN POSSE...

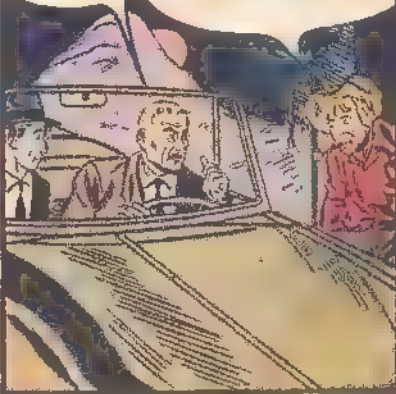
WE'RE LICKED, MONK! WE USED UP ALL OUR AMMO BACK AT THE BANK, AN' THE POSSE'S CLOSIN' IN!

DON'T TURN YELLA, MAX! YA SHOT THAT GUARD EASY ENOUGH--HEY WAIT! I GOT AN IDEA!



HEY, POP! HOW DO YA GET UP THAT MOUNTAIN THERE?

WAL, THEY'S A TRAIL HALFA MILE BACK, BUT I RECKON IT AIN'T A GOOD PLACE TO GO. YUH SEE, NIGHT'S COMIN' ON...



..THAT THERES MURDER MOUNTAIN! IT'S HAUNTED! PLUMB FULLA GHOSTS!

GHOSTS! LET'S STAY AWAY FROM IT!

YEAH! WE BETTER FIND US ANOTHER ROAD!



BUT HALF A MILE BACK ON THE ROAD...

LISTEN, WE'RE GONNA TAKE THIS TRAIL!... THERE AIN'T NO SUCH THING AS GHOSTS!... THE OLD GUY WILL TELL THE POSSE WE WAS SCARED TO GO UP THE MOUNTAIN, THEY WON'T BOTHER TO CHECK; AN' WE'LL BE SAFE FOR THE NIGHT! I AIN'T SO DUMB, PAL!!



AND MINUTES LATER...

WHAT A JOINT! IT EVEN LOOKS HAUNTED!

STOP BEEFIN! THAT SHACK WILL HIDE US TONIGHT!



GEEZ, WHAT A MESS!

IT AIN'T TOO BAD..LOOK THERE'S EVEN SOME OLD BLANKETS!



WHEEWW! THESE THINGS ARE FILTHY!

SO IT AIN'T THE WALDORF... IT'S BETTERN A DEATH CELL! LET'S GET SOME SHUTEYE!!



HOURS LATER, MIDNIGHT WALKS THE MOUNTAIN...

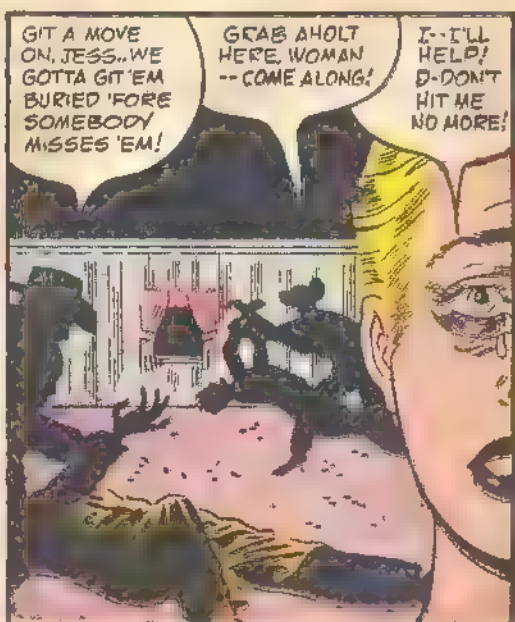
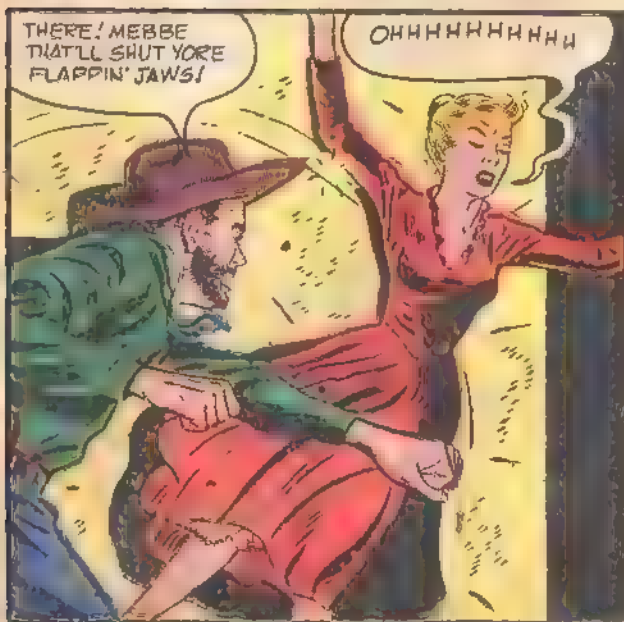
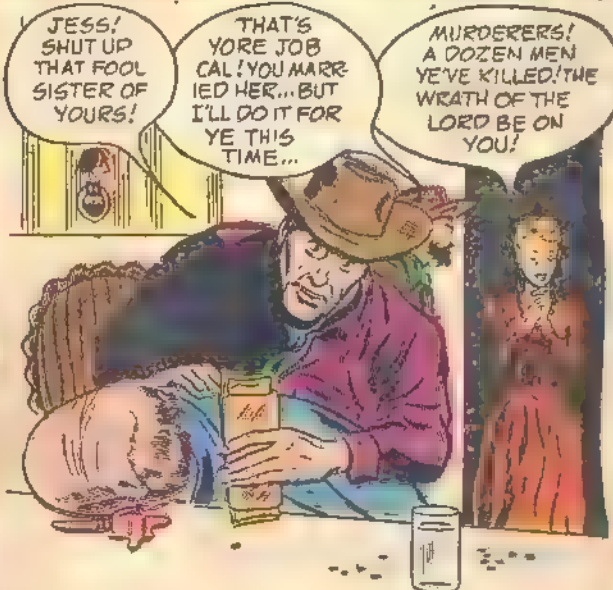
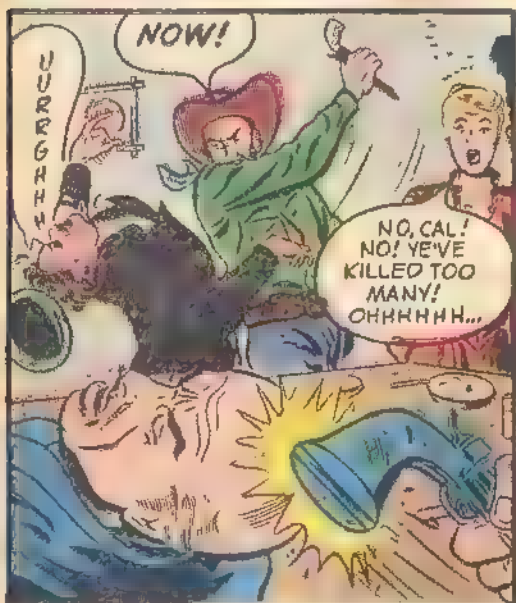


HA HA HA..



HA HA HA
HO HO
HO

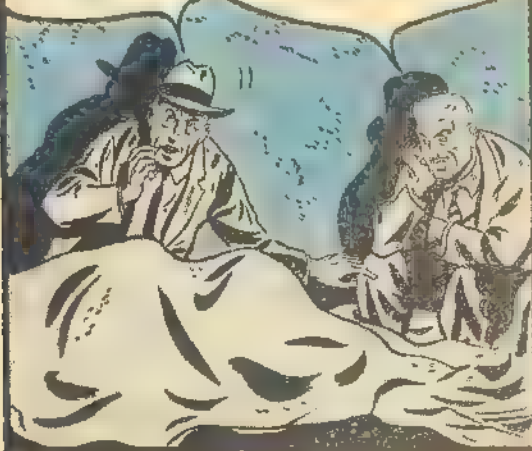




CHATTERING IN TERROR, MAX WAKES HIS PARTNER...

THEY WAS HERE, I
TELL YA, GHOSTS!
THEY KILLED A
COUPLE OF...

AH, STOP IT! YOU WERE
DREAMING! HERE,
LEMME LIGHT A
MATCH!



SEE! NOTHIN' HERE
AT ALL! YOU JUST GOT
THE JITTERS!

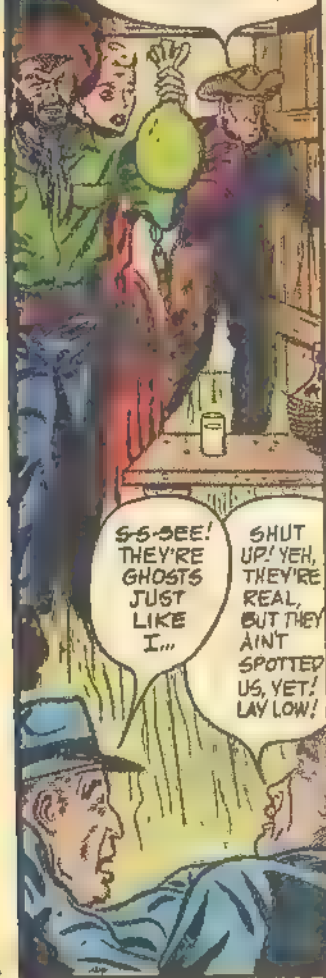
LISTEN! LISTEN! HERE
THEY COME AGAIN!! I
TOLD YA!

HA HA HA



WE'RE
RICH,
CAL!

YEP! A BAG O'
GOLD, AN... WAIT
"SOMEONE'S
COMIN' ON
HORSEBACK!



S-S-SEE!
THEY'RE
GHOSTS
JUST
LIKE
I...

SHUT
UP! YEH,
THEY'RE
REAL,
BUT THEY
AIN'T
SPOTTED
US, YET!
LAY LOW!

A POSSE!
START
SHOOTIN'
JESS!

WOW!
THEY GOT
A POSSE
AFTER
THEM,
TOO!



MONK, WHAT
ARE WE
GONNA DO?

NOTHIN',
JUST STAY
PUT, MAYBE
THEY WON'T
SPOT US!

AGGGHHHH



GIT ME JESS'S
GUN! HURRY UP!

ALRIGHT, CAL...
I'LL OHHHHHH





I QUIT! DON'T SHOOT ME! I GIVE UP!

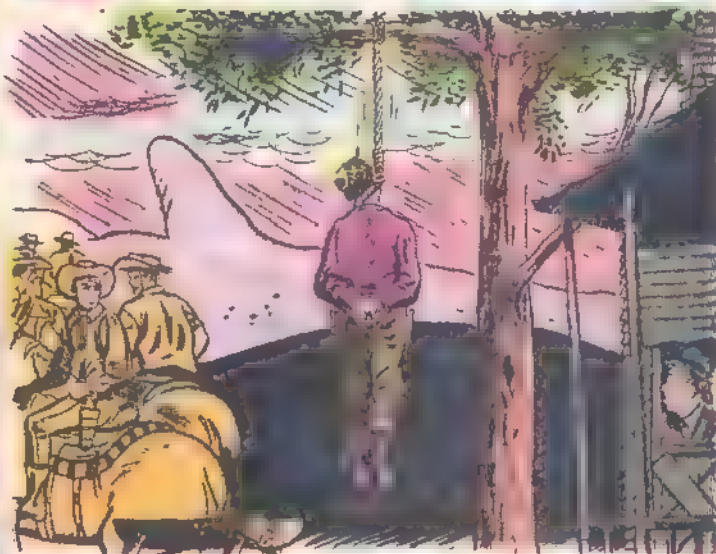
SHOOTIN'S TOO GOOD FOR YAH, CAL! WE GOT A BETTER WAY!



NO! DON'T HANG ME! PLEASE, DON'T HANG ME!



NO-NO-N-AGGHHHHHH



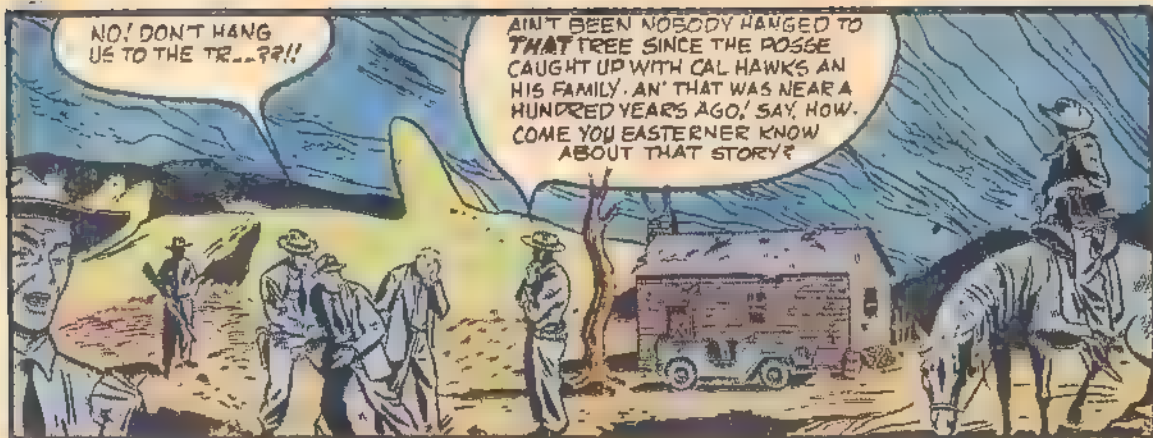
COME ON! LET'S GRAB THE DOUGH AND GET OUTA HERE!

FORGET THE DOUGH! LET'S- OH, NO! LISTEN! MONK! THEY'RE COMIN' BACK...

ALRIGHT, BOYS- YOU LED US QUITE A CHASE! BUT THE GAME'S UP NOW!

PLEASE! DON'T HANG US! DON'T HANG US TO THE TREE!





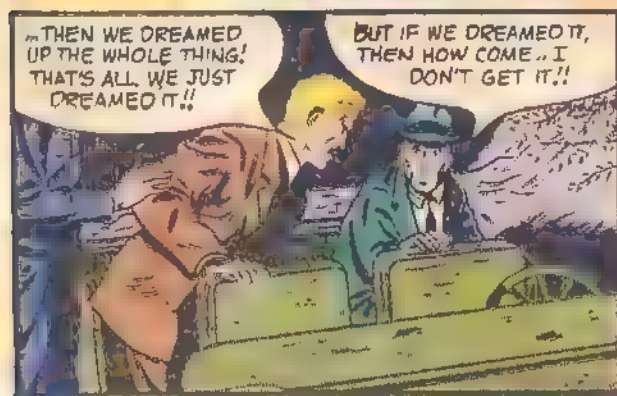
NO! DON'T HANG
US TO THE TR...??!!

AIN'T BEEN NOBODY HANGED TO
THAT TREE SINCE THE POSSE
CAUGHT UP WITH CAL HAWKS AN
HIS FAMILY. AN' THAT WAS NEAR A
HUNDRED YEARS AGO! SAY, HOW
COME YOU EASTERNER KNOW
ABOUT THAT STORY?



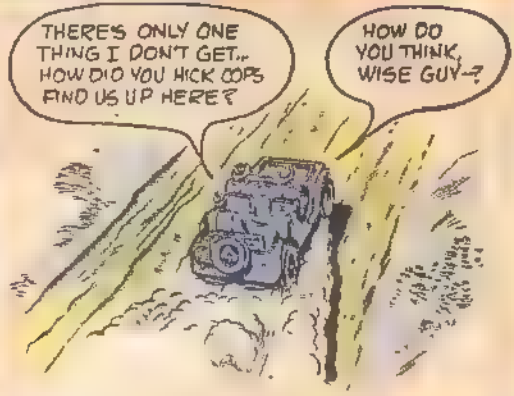
WE SAW 'EM! WE **SAW** 'EM!
DIDN'T WE, MONK? THE GHOSTS,
THEY CAME IN, AND THEY KILLED
PEOPLE! AN THEN ...!!

SHUT UP! YA YELLA
LITTLE RAT! THERE
AIN'T NO SUCH THING
AS GHOSTS! IF THEY
WERENT REALLY
PEOPLE...



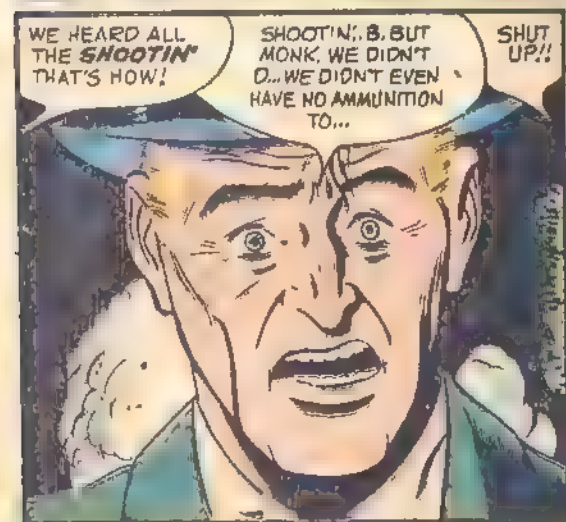
"THEN WE DREAMED
UP THE WHOLE THING!
THAT'S ALL. WE JUST
DREAMED IT!!

BUT IF WE DREAMED IT,
THEN HOW COME.. I
DON'T GET IT!!



THERE'S ONLY ONE
THING I DON'T GET..
HOW DID YOU HICK COPS
FIND US UP HERE?

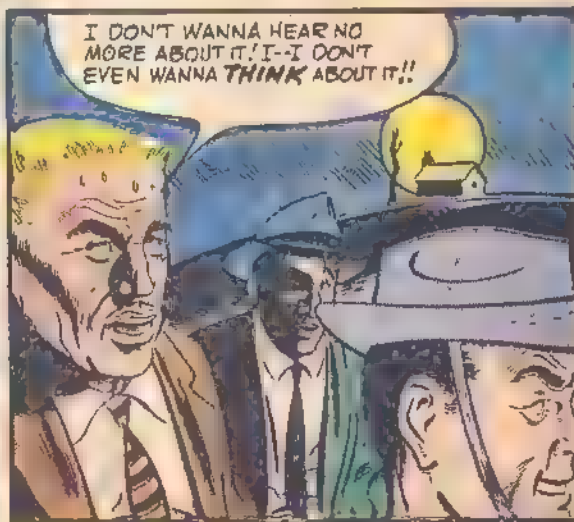
HOW DO
YOU THINK,
WISE GUY-?



WE HEARD ALL
THE **SHOOTIN'**
THAT'S HOW!

SHOOTIN', B. BUT
MONK, WE DIDN'T
D... WE DIDN'T EVEN
HAVE NO AMMUNITION
TO...

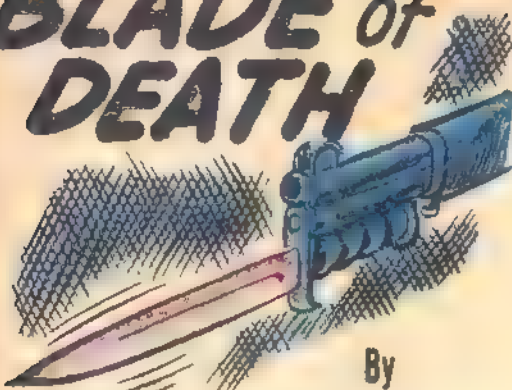
SHUT
UP!!



I DON'T WANNA HEAR NO
MORE ABOUT IT! I-I DON'T
EVEN WANNA **THINK** ABOUT IT!!

THE END

BLADE of DEATH



By
CHARLES F. X. HOUTS

High on a steep Korean ridge, a Chinese Communist peered through the sights of his heavy machine gun. A malevolent grin twisted his features, and his fingers tightened on the trigger. A long, staccato burst of machine gun fire blasted the Marine position. Two other heavy machine guns opened fire. A little higher up the ridge, two light machine guns added their sharper voices to that wild song of death.

And five hundred yards away, at the edge of a frozen rice paddy, a Marine patrol squatted with their backs to a small hill.

A clean smelling icy wind blew biting on the tired Leathernecks, cleared the exhaustion from their eyes. Big Sergeant Bill Barker chewed on a long dead cigar as he ran a whetstone over the razor-like edges of his bayonet.

Sgt. Barker's patrol had been ordered to reconnoiter the line of march in advance of the main body of Marines slugging their way northward. It had been an easy patrol, the frozen hills and ridges seemed deserted. Vast expanses of virgin snow lay like blankets over the rugged rocky terrain. Perhaps it was the complete lack of any sign of the enemy that lulled the Marines into a false sense of security. Then as the little band of Leathernecks rounded a bend in the road, the hidden enemy gunner opened fire. Immediately his comrades-in-arms added their fire power to his and the Marine patrol was pinned down.

"Take cover," shouted Sgt. Barker, diving into a ditch bordering the frozen rice paddy.

"Anyone get hit?" questioned the lanky patrol leader, ripping open the first aid packet he carried on his belt. Clutching the tip of his right glove between his strong, white teeth, Sgt. Barker freed his fingers. "Hey, Hall, give me a hand with this bandage, I caught one in the left shoulder."

"Corpsman," shouted Corporal Hall.

"Forget the corpsman, Hall. I'm okay. Send a runner back to the main body on the double. Get word to the CO that we're held up

a while but we're going to clear up the trouble."

"Check, Sarge," replied Corporal Hall, crawling away to carry out the wounded patrol leader's order.

"Okay, Sarge. Latanzi's on his way back to the company," reported Hall as he made his way back to Sergeant Barker.

"Man, I wish we all had sub-Thompsons or some of those Red burp-guns, we could storm that hill, no strain, no pain."

"What are you talking about, Hall? Here's the weapon..." growled Sergeant Barker, extending his bayonet-tipped M-1. "When the chips are down... give me a good, sharp bayonet. That's a man's weapon."

"Ha," grunted the corporal. "You've been in the Corps too long. The bayonet was okay for the Bana Wars but this is modern warfare. Atomic bombs, automatic weapons... that's the ticket. You're living in the past."

"Okay, Hall. I'll get you some automatic weapons," rapped the big patrol leader. The Communist machine gunners had laid down a pattern of fire which covered all avenues of approach. The murderous criss-cross of enemy fire was impassable. The patrol remained pinned down. Sergeant Barker studied the pattern torn into the snow by the enemy machine gun fire. Nodded his head as he made plans for an assault. Then, a quick visual reconnaissance of the terrain and he was ready to go into action.

"Hall, we need to get closer to the enemy. See that left flank gunner? If we can knock him out or at least force him to take cover, we'll have a clear field for an advance to that irrigation ditch in the center of the paddy."

"Good dope, Sarge," answered Corporal Hall. "Alright, you riflemen, sight in on that left flank gunner... pour it to him."

Immediately a dozen Garand rifles opened a concentrated fire on the well-dug in Communist. The Chinese there continued firing but as the expert marksmanship of the Marines asserted itself, the enemy's deadly line of fire wavered and became haphazard.

"Hall, I'm taking the first fire team. Cover us 'til we get to the ditch. We'll set up a base of fire and then you and the rest can join us," clipped Sergeant Barker leaping to his feet.

"Okay, the first fire team... follow me... on the double."

Closely followed by the members of the first fire team, Sergeant Barker plunged across the frozen rice paddy. Roaring and charging like a wounded elephant, Barker lead his men in a mad rush across the field. Communist machine gunners frantically swiveled their weapons to send slugs whistling at the new target... too late.

"Everyone okay?" shouted the patrol leader.

"Morgan's hit... bad," answered one of the Marines.

"Okay, the rest of you set up a field of fire ... keep on that left flank gunner. I'll take care of Morgan."

"He's gone, Sarge," whispered a Marine hoarsely.

"Okay, Okay. What are you guys waiting for? Get those M-1s going," growled Sergeant Barker as he signaled Hall and the rest of the patrol to make the advance.

Again the Chinese machine gunners sprayed the area as the Marines dashed across the open field. Two Leathernecks fell as the Communist slugs found their mark.

"Hi, Sarge, where's those automatic weapons you promised me?" called Corporal Hall as he plunged into the ditch alongside his leader.

"Up on the hill, kid, up on the hill," replied the sergeant.

"Hey, they can't hit us here... they can't depress far enough to sight in on us," shouted the winded corporal, taking a cigarette from a crumbled package.

"Don't bother lighting that, Hall. We're moving out," yelled the big sergeant.

"Men, we're going to take that left flank gunner. **FIX BAYONETS.** First fire team ... move out to the left; second ... go right. I'll take the third in for a frontal assault. Okay, men, up and at 'em."

Roaring like a bull, Sergeant Barker leaped to his feet and his patrol followed him. Swiftly the combat-wise Marines fanned out. They ran widely spaced ... at different speeds.

The Communist machine gunners desperately tried to line up on this thin, wavering target. Another Marine fell but the little patrol forced its way up the hill ... right into the jammering muzzle of the enemy machine gun.

With a roar that echoed from the surrounding ridges, Sergeant Barker hurled himself over that death-spitting muzzle. His razor-sharp bayonet glinted wickedly in the frozen sunlight, the Red gunner screamed piercingly as the keen blade tore at his throat.

Whirling swiftly, Sergeant Barker plunged his bayonet into the chest of another Red, and smashed the rifle butt into the face of a third.

"Come on, Hall," shouted the patrol leader. "Here's your automatic weapon."

"Yea boy, and I'm just the lad who can use it," replied the corporal. "Radley, Skulak, swing this hunk of junk around. I'm going to blast us some Commies."

"Hall, concentrate on the two heavies. The rest of us will take those light jobs up on the hill."

"Here we go again," shouted a Marine as Sergeant Barker sprang to his feet. Behind him, Corporal Hall was pouring lead into the remaining heavy machine gun positions.

Roaring his own personal battle cry, the big patrol leader stormed up the hill. The panic-stricken Communists began to hurl grenades

at the rapidly advancing Marines. Still they charged on. A grenade burst in the path of the patrol leader ... a moan went up from his men as the gallant sergeant pitched forward and began to roll down the steep incline. A Marine grabbed him as he went by.

"Thanks a lot, kid," growled the big Leatherneck. "I thought I was done for that time. Okay, Okay, you guys, get the lead out. We've got some machine guns to take."

And howling his defiance, Barker staggered to his feet, blood streaming from his face and chest.

Pausing for a moment in his onslaught, Barker wrenched the pin from a grenade and lobbed it into a machine gun nest. No sooner had the explosion rent the air than Sergeant Barker flung himself into the bunker. Again the light flashed from his bayonet, again a Red gunner screamed. A Communist plunged a knife into Barker's back. With a scream of rage, the huge Marine whirled and slashed the Red across the face with his bayonet. As the man fell screaming to the ground, the butt of Sergeant Barker's M-1 crashed into his temple. He writhed furiously and lay still.

Gasping for breath, the badly bleeding Barker lurched to his feet, ready to continue the assault.

"Hey, Sarge, knock it off. The battle's over. The main body's here," shouted Corporal Hall, running up to grasp his sergeant's blood-soaked sleeve. "We've taken the hill."

"Give me a cigarette, will ya, Hall?" asked the sergeant as the two made their way down the hillside. "How many men'd we lose?"

"Four dead ... five wounded," came the laconic report.

"Not as bad as I expected ... Man, we really raised Cain for a while up there," muttered Sergeant Barker as he sagged to the ground.

"Barker, Buddy," shouted Hall. "Corpsman, over here on the double."

"Don't worry about me, Hall. I'll be okay. Guess you'll have to take over the squad. Remember, kid. When you've got a job to do use the bayonet ... there's a man's weapon."

Stepping carefully, the stretcher bearers carried the gallant Sergeant Bill Barker to a jeep ambulance.



SMOKE SPIRIT

MURDER WILL OUT AND KILLERS MUST PAY, WHETHER IT BE BY DUE PROCESS OF LAW, OR THE HIGHER JUSTICE FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE. AND SOMETIMES THE DEAD THEMSELVES ACCOMPLISH THEIR OWN REVENGE, AS DID THE BEAUTIFUL SPIRIT....



Ken Landall

KEN BROWN, ACE CRIME REPORTER, RELAXES WITH A PIPEFUL OF HIS FAVORITE TOBACCO, THE FAMOUS "SCARLETT BLEND..."

AHH! NOTHING LIKE A GOOD SMOKE AFTER A HARD DAY...

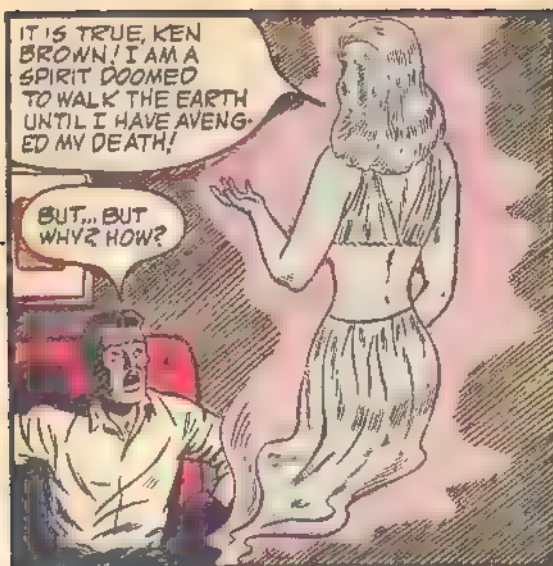
KEN BROWN! KEN BROWN, LISTEN TO ME!



YOU MUST GO TO SCARLETT ACRES, KEN BROWN! YOU MUST HELP ME!

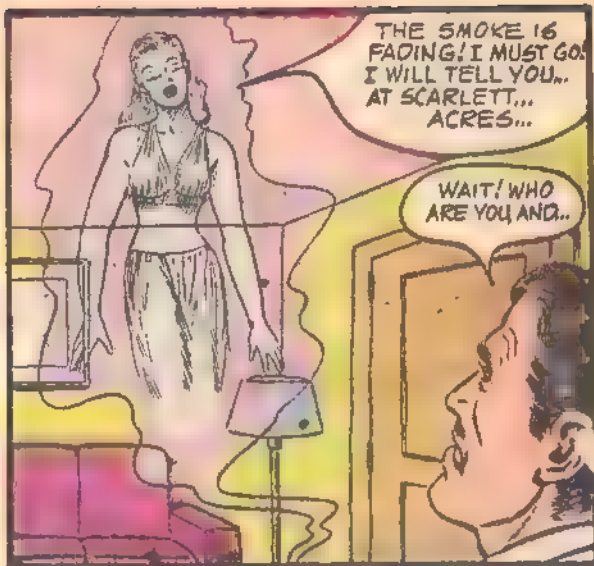
GOOD HEAVENS! AM I DREAMING?





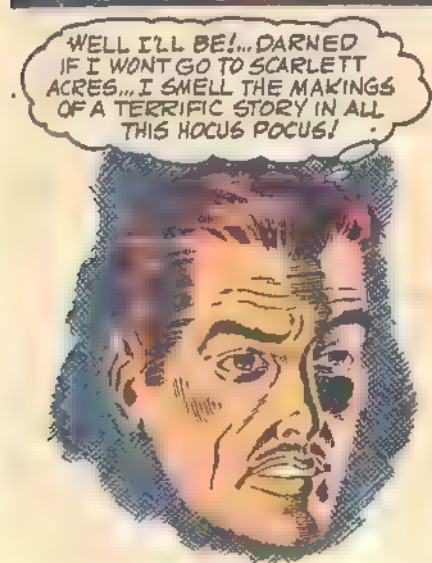
IT IS TRUE, KEN BROWN! I AM A SPIRIT DOOMED TO WALK THE EARTH UNTIL I HAVE AVENGED MY DEATH!

BUT... BUT WHY? HOW?



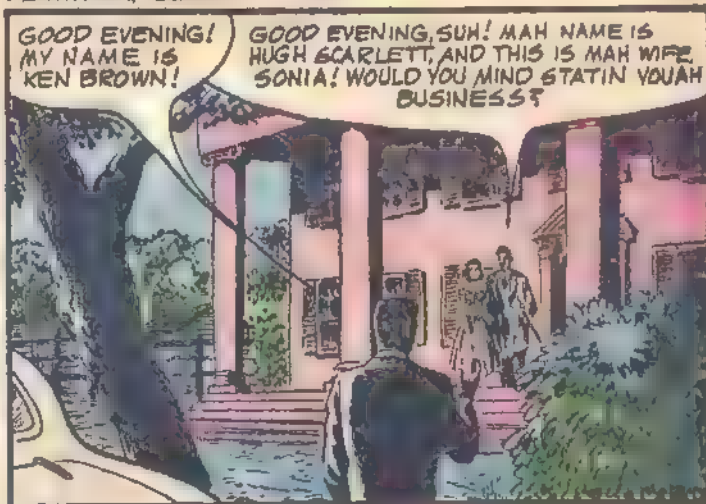
THE SMOKE IS FADING! I MUST GO! I WILL TELL YOU... AT SCARLETT... ACRES...

WAIT! WHO ARE YOU AND...



WELL I'LL BE!... DARNED IF I WON'T GO TO SCARLETT ACRES... I SMELL THE MAKINGS OF A TERRIFIC STORY IN ALL THIS HOCUS POCUS!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, KEN BROWN ARRIVES AT THE FAMOUS PLANTATION, "SCARLETT ACRES"...



GOOD EVENING! MY NAME IS KEN BROWN!

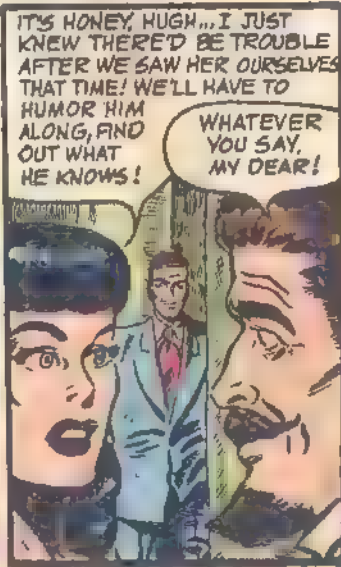
GOOD EVENING, SUH! MAH NAME IS HUGH SCARLETT, AND THIS IS MAH WIFE, SONIA! WOULD YOU MIND STATIN' YOUAH BUSINESS?



WELL, STRANGELY ENOUGH, I WAS TOLD TO COME HERE BY WHAT I BELIEVE TO HAVE BEEN A GHOST, AND...

WHAT? WHY, OF ALL THE RIDICULOUS...

I WANT TO SPEAK TO HUGH! EXCUSE US, PLEASE MR. BROWN!



IT'S HONEY, HUGH... I JUST KNEW THERE'D BE TROUBLE AFTER WE SAW HER OURSELVES THAT TIME! WE'LL HAVE TO HUMOR HIM ALONG, AND OUT WHAT HE KNOWS!

WHATEVER YOU SAY, MY DEAR!

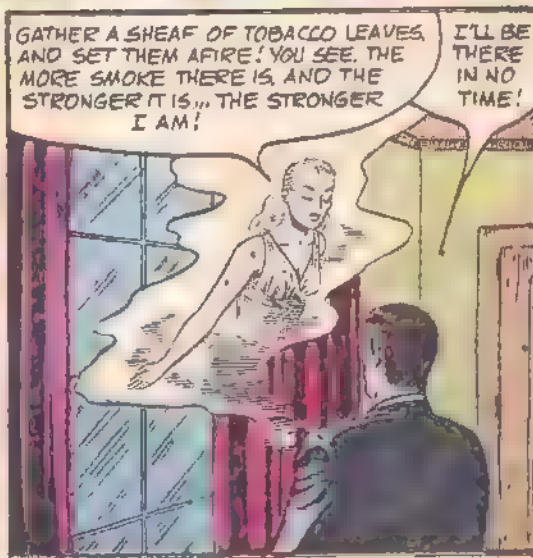
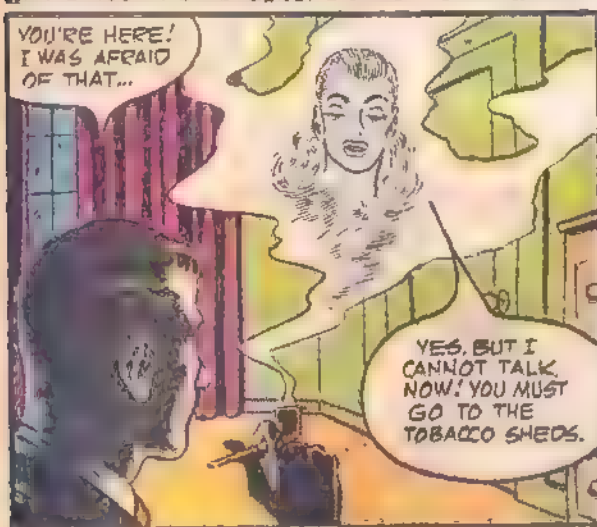


WE'RE NOT BEING HOSPITABLE, MR. BROWN! PLEASE CONSIDER YOURSELF OUR GUEST TONIGHT!

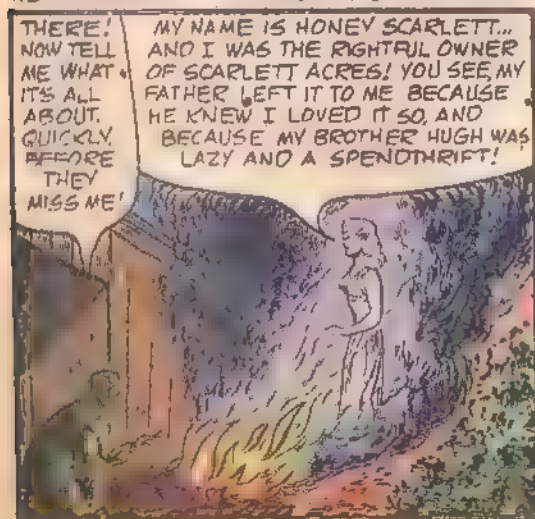
WE INSIST, SUH! BY THE WAY, JUST WHAT DID THIS SUPPOSED GHOST TELL YOU!



IN HIS ROOM KEN EAGERLY LIGHTS HIS PIPE, AND...



MOMENTS LATER, AFTER AVOIDING HIS HOSTS KEN ARRIVES AT THE TOBACCO BARN AND...



THEY MURDERED ME, KEN BROWN! THEY CAME TO MY ROOM ONE NIGHT...

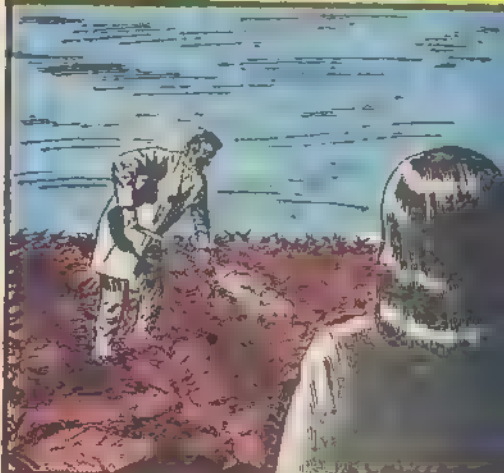


HURRY, HUGH! GET IT OVER WITH!

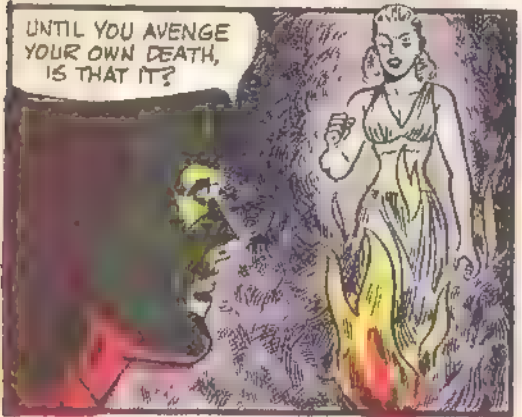
I... I WILL SONIA!

NO, HUGH! NO! I'M YOUR SISTER!

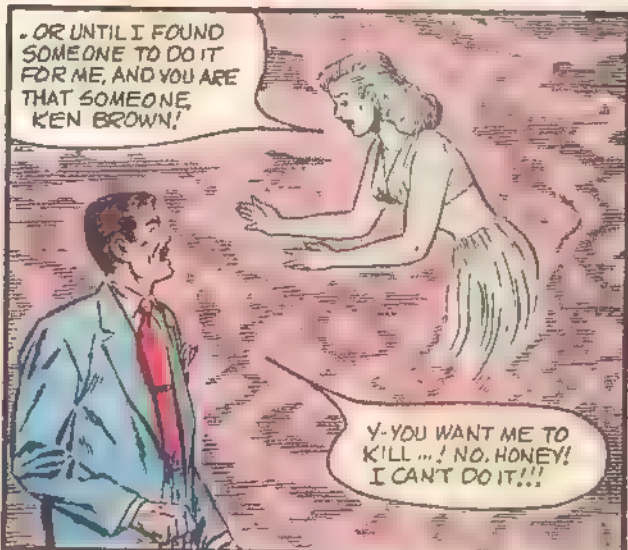
...AND THAT NIGHT THEY BURIED ME FAR OUT IN THE TOBACCO FIELDS, IN THE VERY EARTH I LOVED! BUT THAT WAS THEIR MISTAKE ...



BECAUSE MY SPIRIT STILL LIVED THERE, IN MY BELOVED LAND AND BECAME A PART OF THE TOBACCO THAT GREW I ROAM THE LAND! AND NOW WHEREVER SCARLETT ACRE TOBACCO GROWS, I SHALL APPEAR... STRONGER AND STRONGER, AS THE SMOKE GROWS...

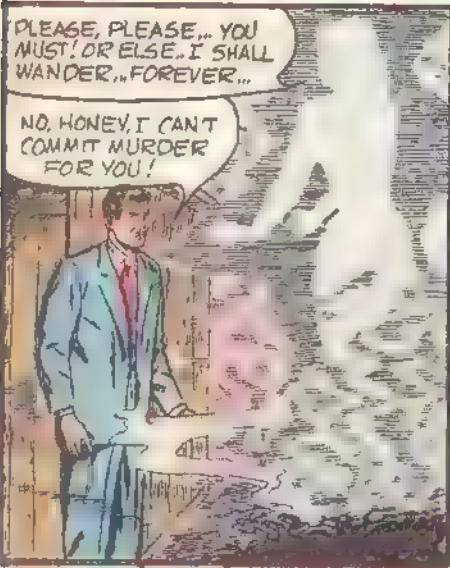


UNTIL YOU AVENGE YOUR OWN DEATH, IS THAT IT?



...OR UNTIL I FOUND SOMEONE TO DO IT FOR ME, AND YOU ARE THAT SOMEONE, KEN BROWN!

Y-YOU WANT ME TO KILL ...! NO, HONEY! I CAN'T DO IT!!



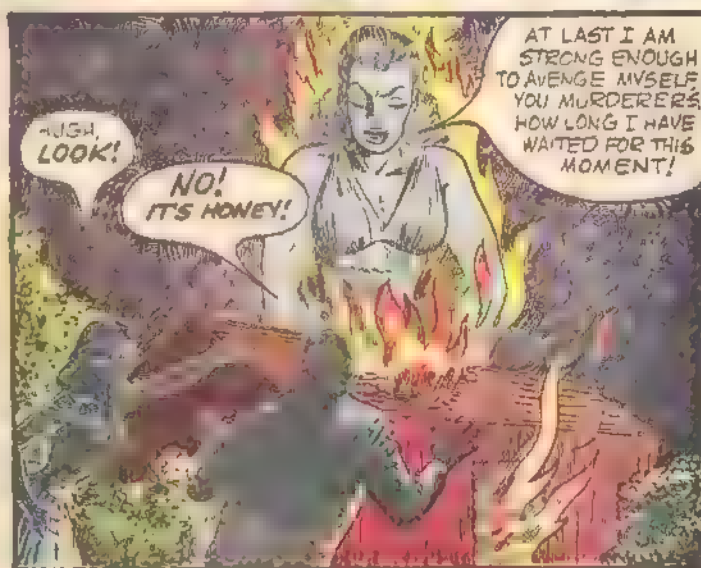
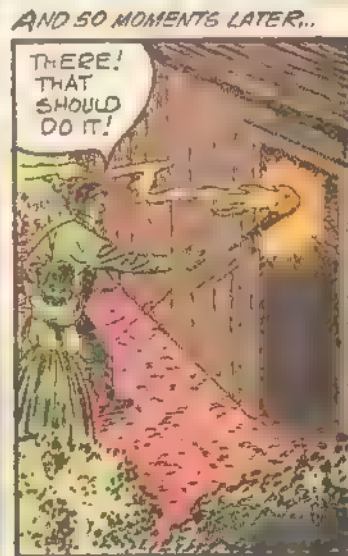
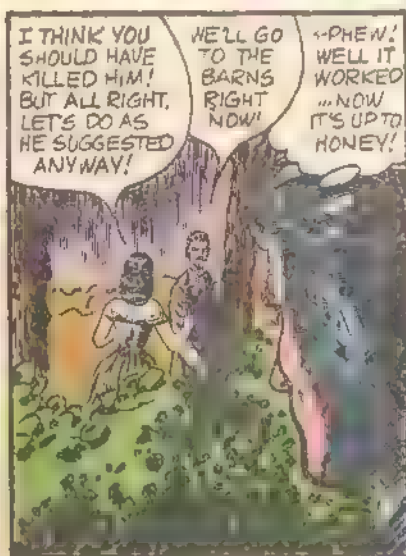
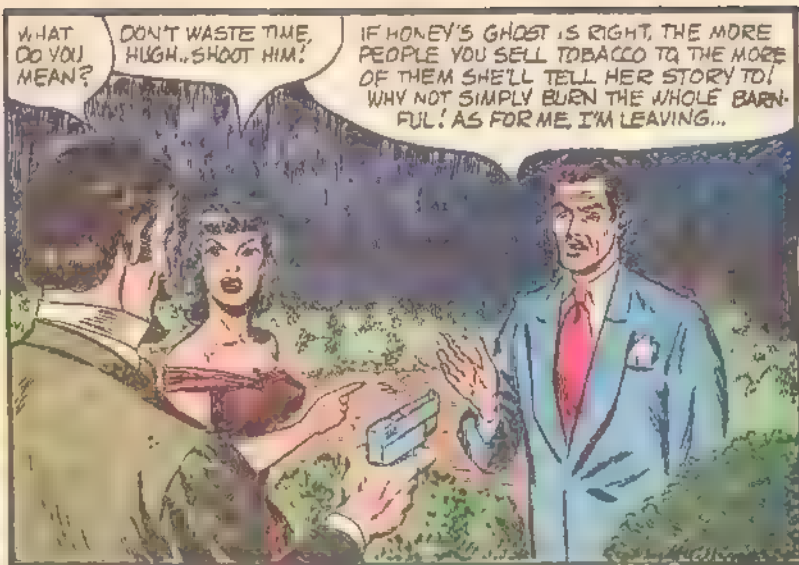
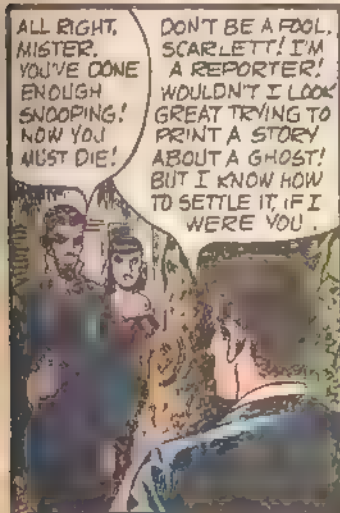
PLEASE, PLEASE... YOU MUST! OR ELSE... I SHALL WANDER... FOREVER...

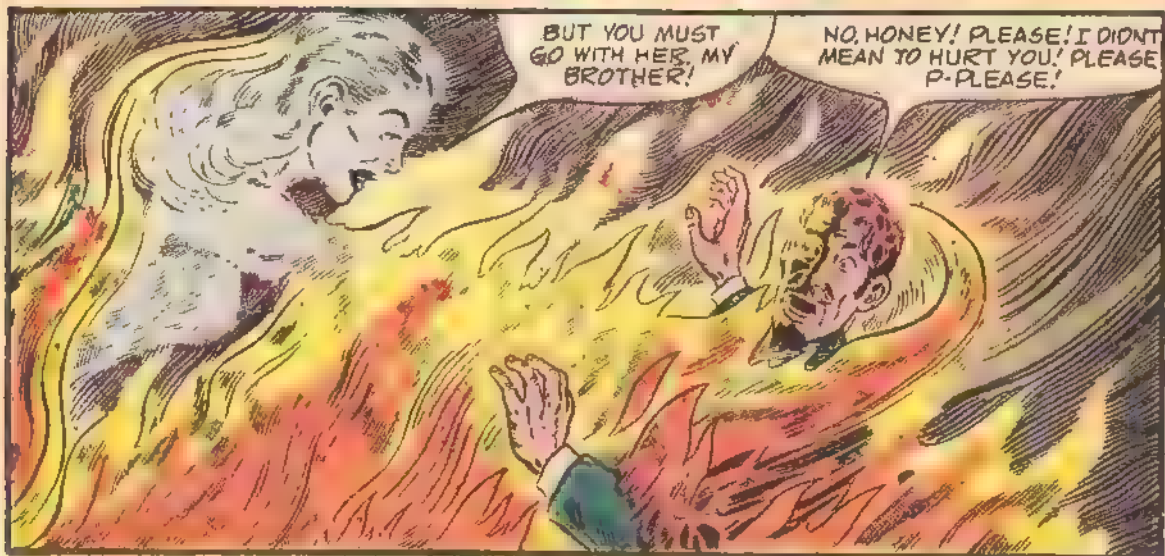
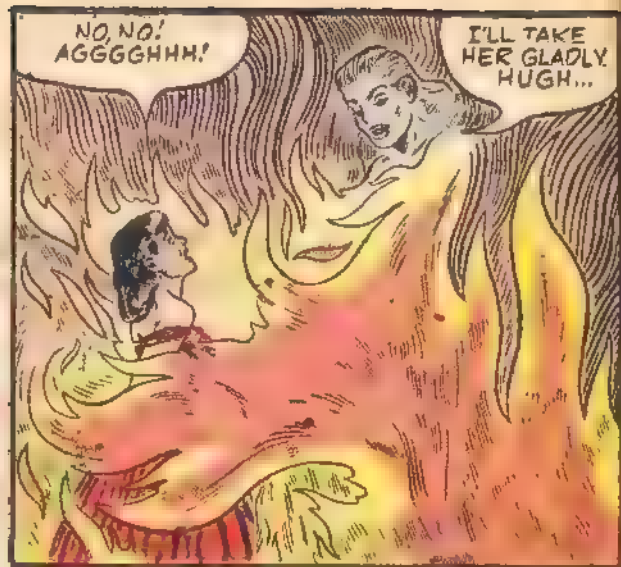
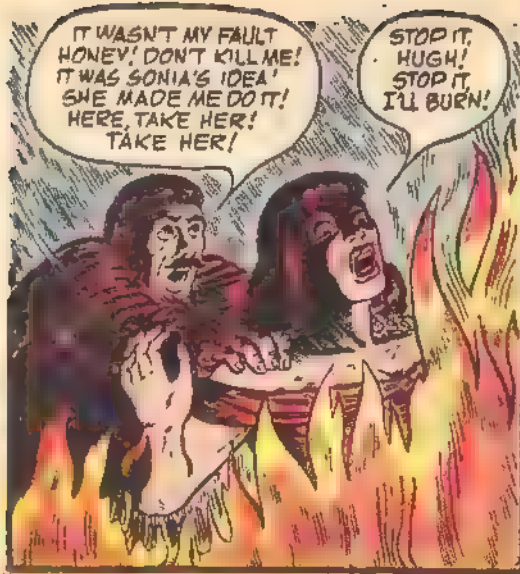
NO, HONEY, I CAN'T COMMIT MURDER FOR YOU!



...BUT I THINK I KNOW A WAY TO HELP YOU AVENGE YOURSELF!

BUT AS KEN RETURNS TO THE HOUSE...





Magic Dutch Rock Garden Grows in 4 DAYS



**Grows
in 4 Days
Lasts for months
in any season**

**Winter-Summer,
Spring or Fall
Grow grasses green
and flowers tall.**

Boys & girls here's exciting news! About something entirely different. Now you can grow a real garden of your very own—right in your own home. Yes, here's an amazing

EVERYTHING YOU NEED

You get all these items — you don't need any thing else. Plenty of Magic grass seeds . . . Magic soil. Lovely flower seeds . . . Practical, attractive container . . . Bright colored metal butterflies. Little Dutch boy and girl. American Flag. Parasol that opens and closes simulated rocks. Cute ceramic dog. Many other exciting features.

magic garden you set up and plant yourself in a few minutes. Grow real grass and flowers in just a few days! You'll thrill to the magic of Mother Nature as you watch the grass sprout and the flowers take root and grow right before your eyes. In no time at all you'll have a colorful healthy garden—and what a kick you'll get playing gardeners, cutting the grass, watering the plants and tending the lovely sweet-smelling flowers. You can even clip a beautiful bunch of flowers for mom, or friend. All your friends will wonder how you were able to make things grow—They'll all want you to show them how!

Over a hundred square inches of garden. — Special wishing pool in the center — An American flag and pole — Two attractive butterflies that look like they're flying — Your own container. Just look at the list!

For Boys and Girls of All Ages

Here's a beautiful garden all your own for just a single dollar bill. You'll have hours of fun. You'll surprise your family and friends with what you know and what you can do!

10 Day Trial FREE

If you are not 100% delighted with this Garden just send it back. We will refund the full purchase price at once. Rush Coupon now!

RUSH COUPON NOW!

Honor House Products Corp. Dept. A101
826 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.

Rush my Magic Dutch Rock Gardens on approval for only \$1.00. If I am not completely satisfied I may return it for prompt refund of full purchase price.

Name _____

Address _____

☐ Send C. O. D. I'll pay postman \$1 plus a few cents postage.

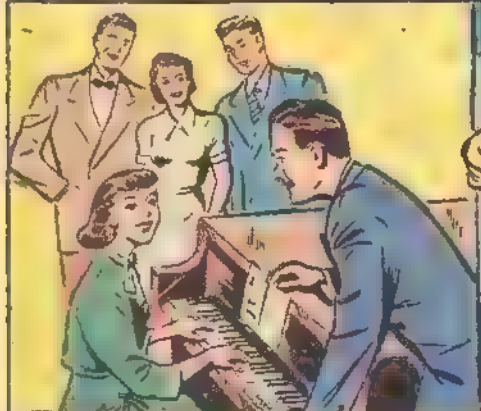
☐ I enclose \$1.00 for my garden. You pay postage. Same money back guarantee.



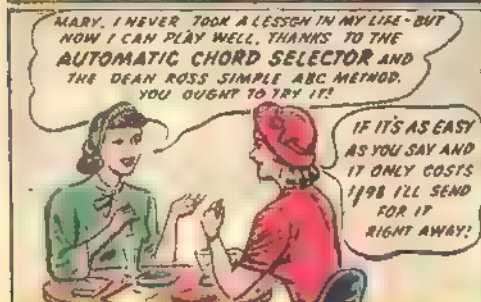
PLAY PIANO THE FIRST DAY

OR DON'T PAY!

Here's Your Chance to
BE POPULAR!



I'M CERTAINLY MISSING A LOT
OF FUN, AND DATES, TOO.
IF I COULD ONLY PLAY
THE PIANO THE WAY
BETTY DOES.
'WONDER HOW SHE
LEARNED SO FAST?
I'LL ASK HER THE
FIRST CHANCE I GET.



MARY, I NEVER TOOK A LESSON IN MY LIFE - BUT
NOW I CAN PLAY WELL, THANKS TO THE
AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR AND
THE DEAN ROSS SIMPLE ABC METHOD.
YOU OUGHT TO TRY IT!

IF IT'S AS EASY
AS YOU SAY AND
IT ONLY COSTS
\$1.98 I'LL SEND
FOR IT
RIGHT AWAY!



GLAD I TOOK BETTY'S ADVICE
NOW I GET INVITED
EVERYWHERE NO MORE
WALLFLOWER STUFF
FOR ME!

"I learned to play a song in 10
minutes."

-ACE Washington

"Even if one never played a
note it is easy"

-C.M. New Hampshire

"Now I can play sheet music
beautifully"

-E.S. New York

Hundreds of thankful, en-
thusiastic letters like these
are in our files

New, Patented AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR Guides Your Fingers

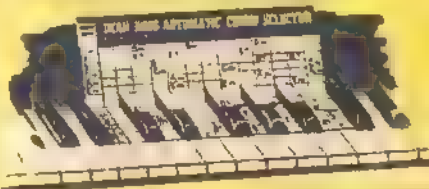
You too can play piano with BOTH
hands, in no time at all! Thou-
sands have learned to play this fast
easy way. With the amazing, new in-
vention the AUTOMATIC CHORD
SELECTOR there's really nothing to
it. Before long you're playing songs
everyone enjoys... from Hit Parade
numbers and hymns to beautiful old
ballads.

This is no trick method. You actu-
ally learn to read and play any sheet
music. And, the patented AUTO-
MATIC CHORD SELECTOR guides
your fingers every note of the way. No

scale, no exercises, no dreary practic-
ing. You actually play the minute you
sit down at the piano. You gain ease,
assurance and a professional style as
you go through the 35 lessons and
40 songs.

Instead of paying the studio charge
of \$5 a lesson, you can enjoy the 35 les-
sons, \$150 worth, in the privacy of your
home for just \$1.98. The Dean Ross
Piano Course can open up a whole new
world of happiness. Now you can be
the "hit" of every party, the center
of attraction wherever you go. Don't
delay another minute, mail the FREE
TRIAL Coupon NOW!

**NO SCALES!
NO EXERCISES!
YOU PLAY INSTANTLY!**



PATENT No. 2,473,729

**Complete Course only \$1.98 - including the
PATENTED AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR
No Extras - SEND NO MONEY!**

You have 10 full days to prove to yourself the value of the Dean
Ross Piano method. When the complete course with its 35 clearly
illustrated lessons (worth \$150 at the studio) and 40 favorite
songs together with the patented AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR
is delivered pay postman just \$1.98 plus postage. Try the course for
10 days with the understanding that you must learn to play with
both hands or your full purchase price will be refunded at once.
The patented AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR is yours to keep in
any event. You have nothing to lose - and popularity and fun
to gain. So mail coupon today!

DEAN ROSS PIANO STUDIOS INC., Dept. HA-5,

45 West 45th Street

New York 19 N.Y.

THE GIRLS
ARE WILD
ABOUT THE
WAY I PLAY
PIANO - CAN'T
THANK DEAN
ROSS ENOUGH



10-Day FREE TRIAL COUPON - Mail Today!

DEAN ROSS PIANO STUDIOS INC., Dept. HA-5,
45 West 45th Street, New York 19 N.Y.

Send the PATENTED AUTOMATIC CHORD SELECTOR with
the complete Dean Ross Piano Course consisting of 35 illus-
trated lessons and 40 popular songs. On delivery, will pay
postman only \$1.98 plus postage. If not completely thrilled,
I may return the Course in 10 days for a money refund
of purchase price. The PATENTED AUTOMATIC CHORD
SELECTOR is mine to keep.

Name (Print Name)

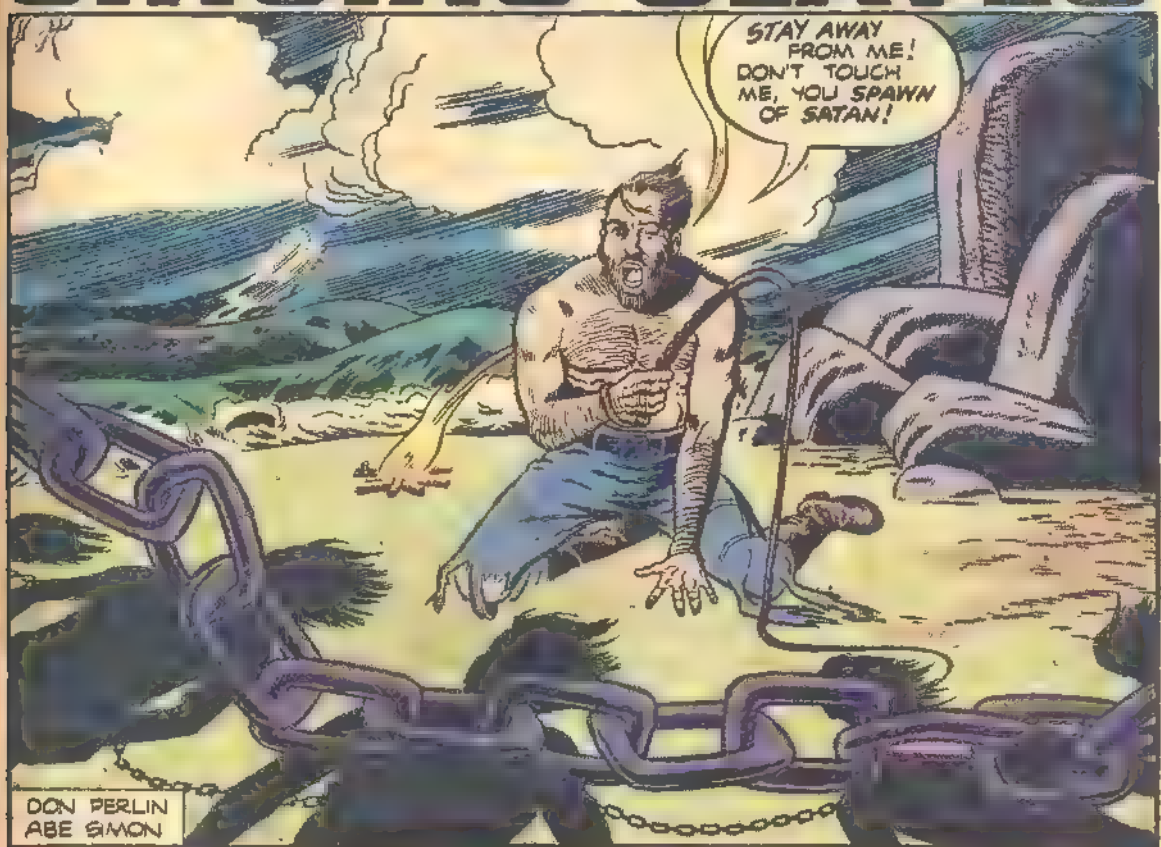
Address

City & Zone State

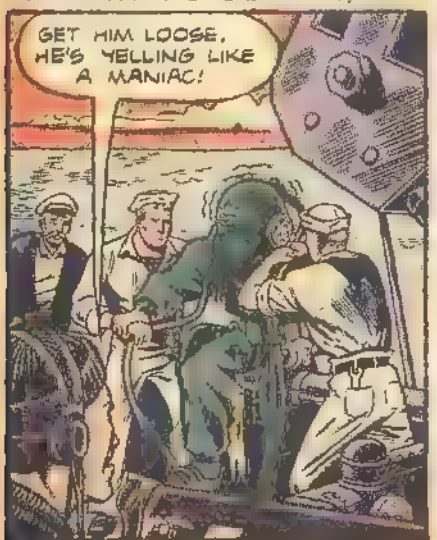
☐ SAVE MONEY! Enclose \$1.98 and we pay postage.
Same Refund Guarantee.

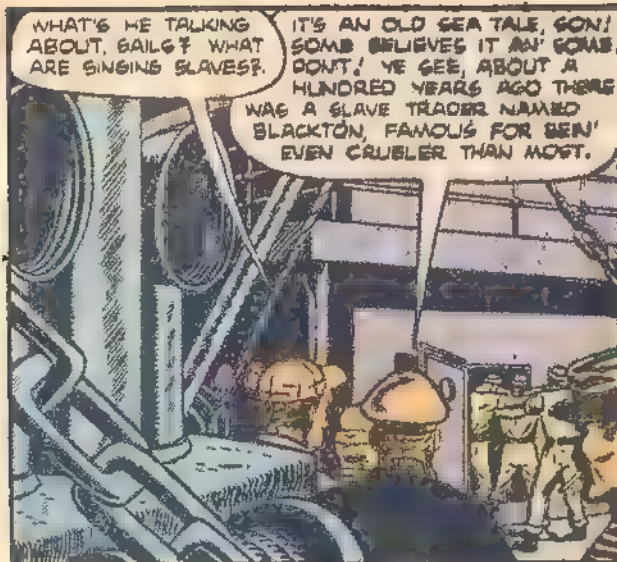
MANY OF US BELIEVE THAT GHOSTS WALK THE EARTH; BUT HOW MANY OF US KNOW OF THE SPIRITS THAT INHABIT THE SEA? ASK THE SHADE OF A BLOODTHIRSTY MAN NAMED BLACKTON, IF AN UNKIND FATE SHOULD EVER TAKE YOU TO HIM--ASK HIM ABOUT THE

SINGING SLAVES



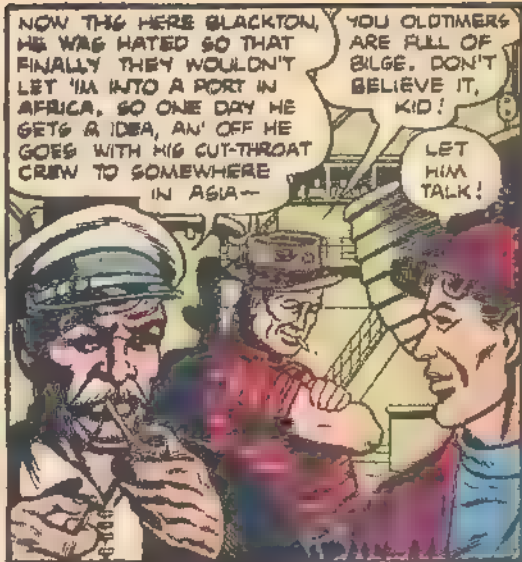
SOMEWHERE AT SEA, A DIVER SIGNALS FRANTICALLY TO BE BROUGHT UP, AND---





WHAT'S HE TALKING ABOUT, BAIL? WHAT ARE SINGING SLAVES?

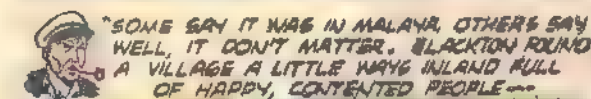
IT'S AN OLD SEA TALE, SON! SOME BELIEVES IT AN' SOME DON'T! YE SEE, ABOUT A HUNDRED YEARS AGO THERE WAS A SLAVE TRADER NAMED BLACKTON, FAMOUS FOR BEIN' EVEN CRUELER THAN MOST.



NOW THIS HERE BLACKTON, HE WAS HATED SO THAT FINALLY THEY WOULDN'T LET 'IM INTO A PORT IN AFRICA, SO ONE DAY HE GETS A IDEA, AN' OFF HE GOES WITH HIS CUT-THROAT CREW TO SOMEWHERE IN ASIA—

YOU OLDTIMERS ARE FULL OF BILGE. DON'T BELIEVE IT, KID!

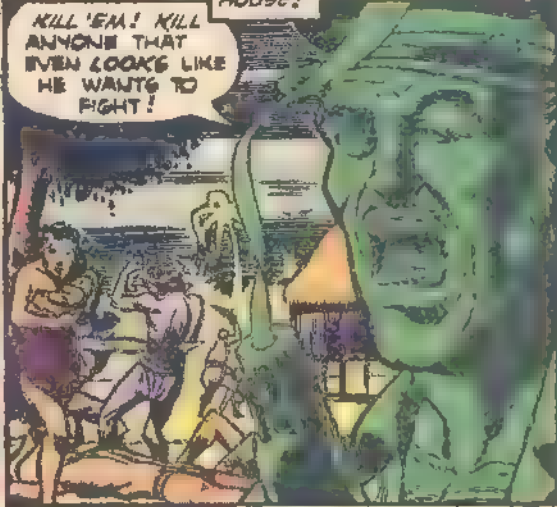
LET HIM TALK!



"SOME SAY IT WAS IN MALAYA, OTHERS SAY WELL, IT DON'T MATTER. BLACKTON FOUND A VILLAGE A LITTLE WAYS INLAND FULL OF HAPPY, CONTENTED PEOPLE—

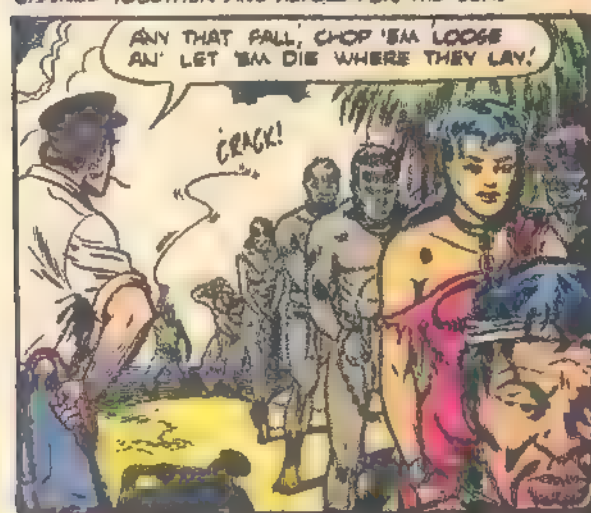


...AN' PROCEEDED TO TURN IT INTO A SLAUGHTER HOUSE!



KILL 'EM! KILL ANYONE THAT EVEN LOOKS LIKE HE WANTS TO FIGHT!

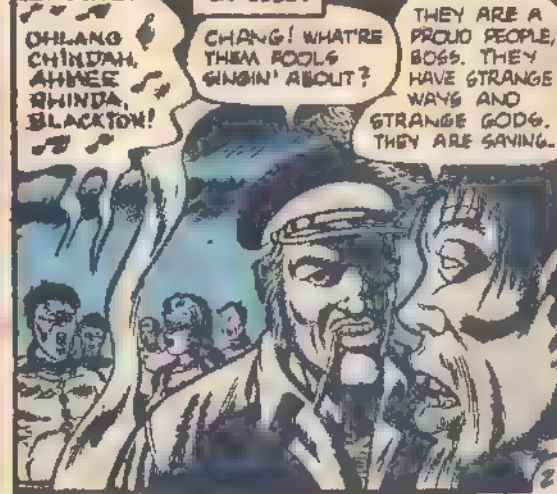
BUT HE GOT WHAT HE WANTED—A HUNDRED SLAVES, CHAINED TOGETHER AND HEADED FOR THE SEA.



ANY THAT FALL, CHOP 'EM LOOSE AN' LET 'EM DIE WHERE THEY LAY!

CRACK!

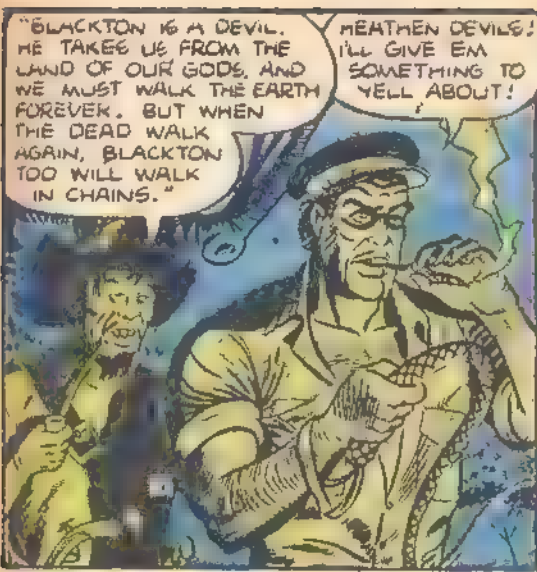
WELL, FIRST NIGHT ON THE TRAIL, THEM SLAVES BEGAN TO SING—A CRAZY CHANT THAT'D PUT A MAN'S TEETH ON EDGE!



OHLANG CHINDAH, AHNEE RHINDA, BLACKTON!

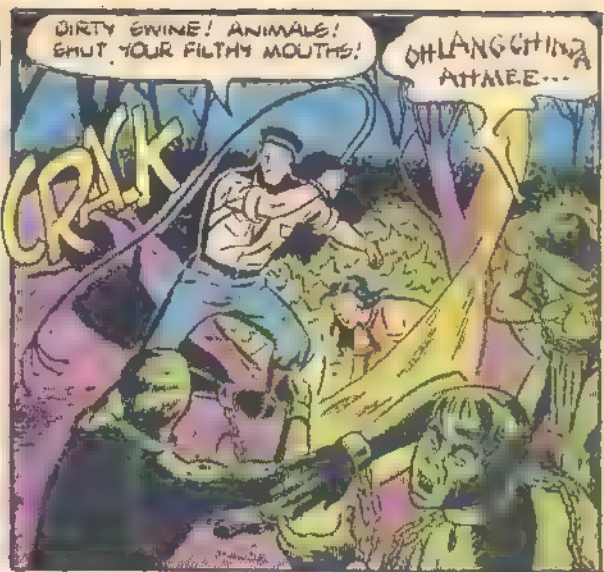
CHANG! WHAT'RE THEM FOOLS SINGIN' ABOUT?

THEY ARE A PROUD PEOPLE, BOSS. THEY HAVE STRANGE WAYS AND STRANGE GODS. THEY ARE SAYING—



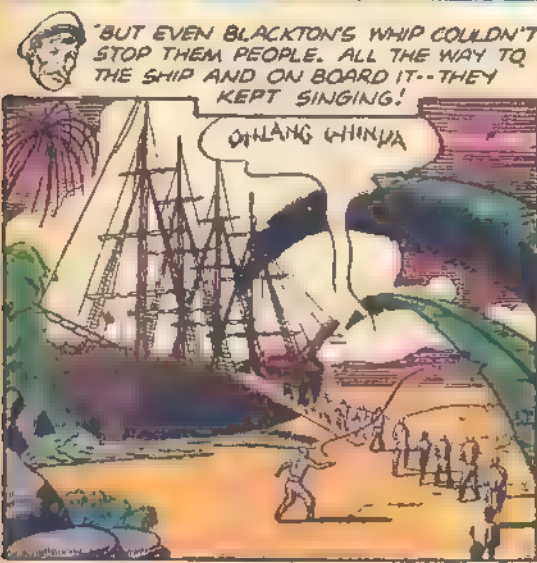
"BLACKTON IS A DEVIL. HE TAKES US FROM THE LAND OF OUR GODS, AND WE MUST WALK THE EARTH FOREVER. BUT WHEN THE DEAD WALK AGAIN, BLACKTON TOO WILL WALK IN CHAINS."

HEATHEN DEVILS! I'LL GIVE EM SOMETHING TO YELL ABOUT!



DIRTY SWINE! ANIMALS! SHUT YOUR FILTHY MOUTHS!

OHLANGCHINDA AHMEE...



"BUT EVEN BLACKTON'S WHIP COULDN'T STOP THEM PEOPLE. ALL THE WAY TO THE SHIP AND ON BOARD IT--THEY KEPT SINGING!"

OHLANG CHINDA

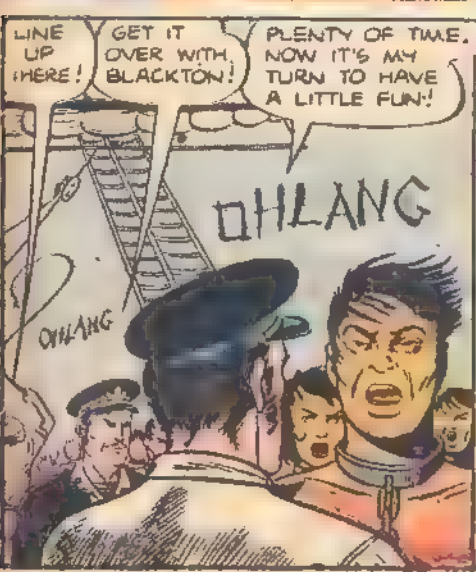


"BUT THREE DAYS OUT TO SEA--"

BLACKTON! IT'S A BRITISH GUNBOAT! THEY CATCH US WITH THESE SLAVES, AND WE'RE DONE! WE'VE GOT TO--

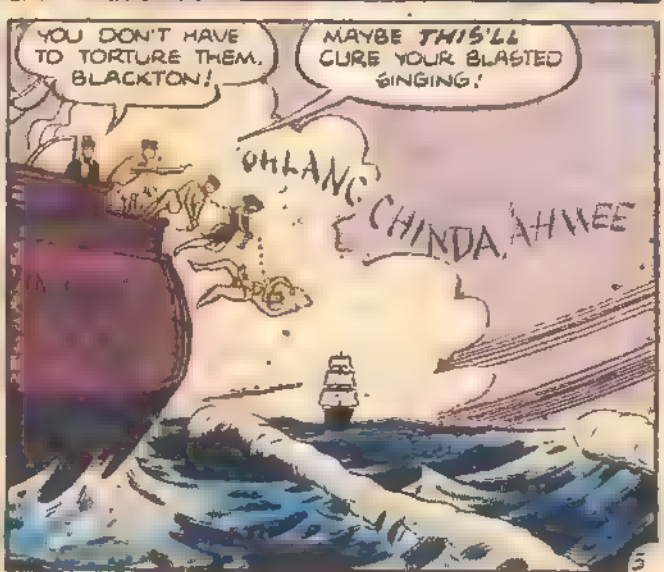
I KNOW WHAT I GOT TO DO--AN' EVEN THOUGH I LOSE MONEY BY IT, IT'LL BE A PLEASURE!

OHLANG CHINDA



LINE UP HERE! GET IT OVER WITH BLACKTON! PLENTY OF TIME. NOW IT'S MY TURN TO HAVE A LITTLE FUN!

OHLANG



YOU DON'T HAVE TO TORTURE THEM. BLACKTON!

MAYBE THIS'LL CURE YOUR BLASTED SINGING!

OHLANG CHINDA AHMEE

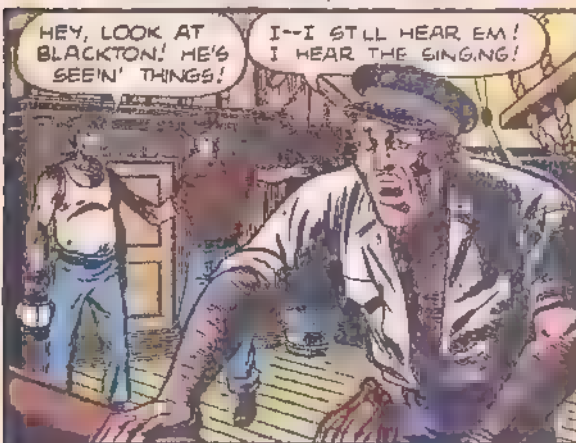


ALRGHT YOU DEVILS, GO
AHEAD AND SING! STARE AT
ME AND KEEP SNGN'! THE
SHARKS WLL SOON!
CHANGE YOUR TUNE!

ONLANE
BLACKTON
ONLANE



"WELL, THE DIRTY TRICK WORKED. AT LEAST,
THE GUNBOAT GIVE 'EM A CLEAN BILL O'
HEALTH, AN' THEY SAILED FER HOME, BUT
LATER THAT NIGHT, ON DECK--

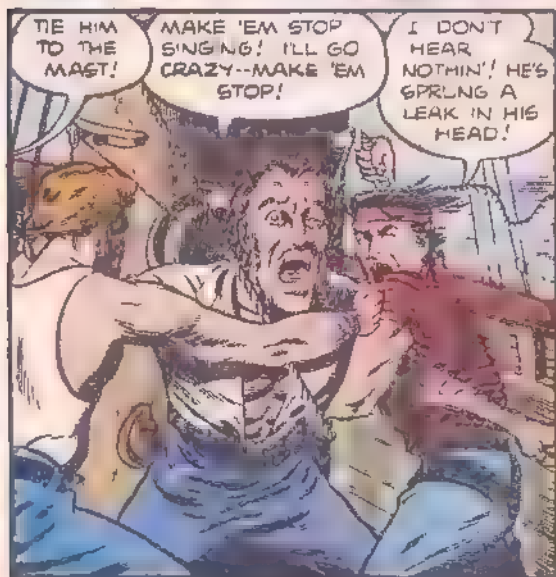


HEY, LOOK AT
BLACKTON! HE'S
SEEN' THINGS!

I--I STILL HEAR EM!
I HEAR THE SINGING!

THEY'VE COME BACK, THE
DEVLS! I'LL FIX 'EM! STOP
THAT SINGING, YA HEAR?!!

GRAB HIM,
MEN, BEFORE
HE GOES
OVERBOARD!



TIE HIM
TO THE
MAST!

MAKE 'EM STOP
SINGING! I'LL GO
CRAZY--MAKE 'EM
STOP!

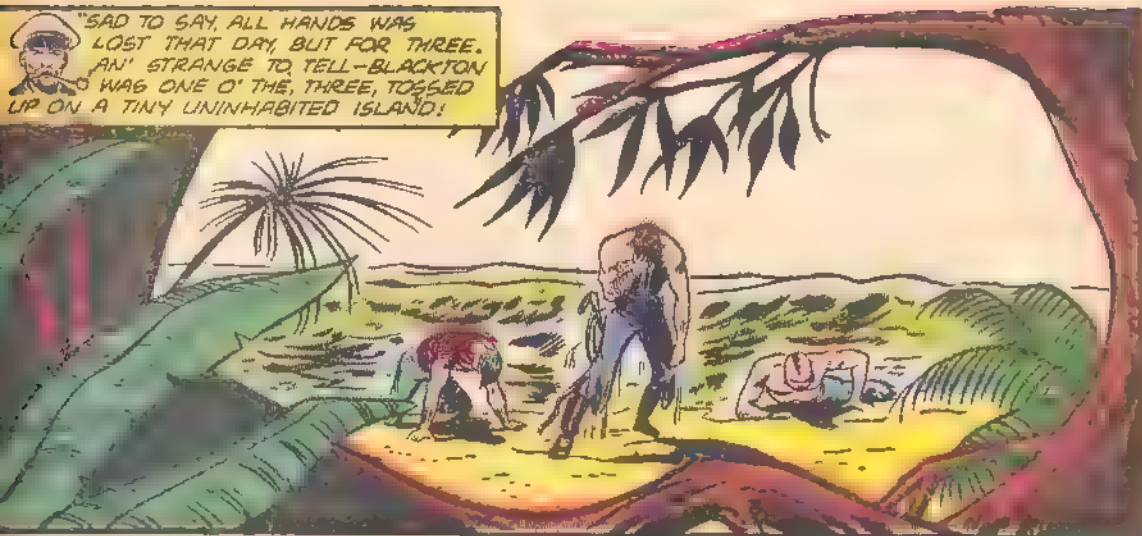
I DONT
HEAR
NOTHIN'! HE'S
SPRUNG A
LEAK IN HIS
HEAD!

"SO BLACKTON SPENT
TWO DAYS TIED TO THE
MAST. AN' THEN, THE
BIG BLOW STRUCK...

ALL HANDS ABANDON
SHIP! MAN THE BOATS!
AND CUT THAT MAN
LOOSE!



"SAD TO SAY, ALL HANDS WAS LOST THAT DAY, BUT FOR THREE. AN' STRANGE TO TELL-BLACKTON WAS ONE O' THE, THREE, TOSSED UP ON A TINY UNINHABITED ISLAND!"



"SURLY AN' MEAN AS EVER HE WAS, TOO. THAT NIGHT.

"WE'RE GONNA EXPLORE THE ISLAND, BLACKTON. MAYBE----

"LEAVE ME ALONE YOU FOOLS!"

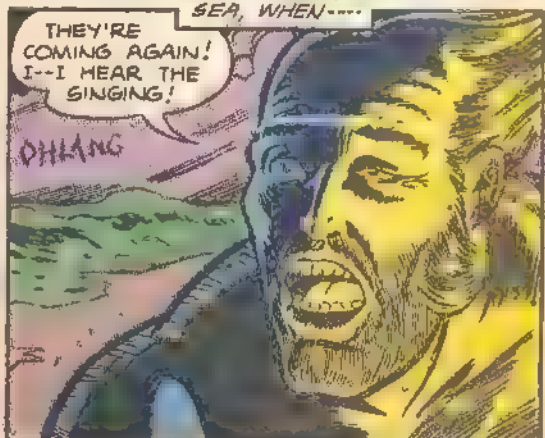
"SWEET TEMPERED, BRUTE, AIN'T HE? LET'S GO OURSELVES, JACK."



"NOW, NO ONE KNOWS FOR SURE, MIND YE, BUT SOME SAYS THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED TO BLACKTON. HE WAS SITTIN' ALONE, STARIN' AT THE SEA, WHEN----

"THEY'RE COMING AGAIN! I--I HEAR THE SINGING!"

"OH-KANG



"YOU CANT SCARE ME! YOU'RE DREAMS! AND IF YOU'RE NOT, THEN THIS OUGHTA MAKE YOU KEEP YOUR DISTANCE!"



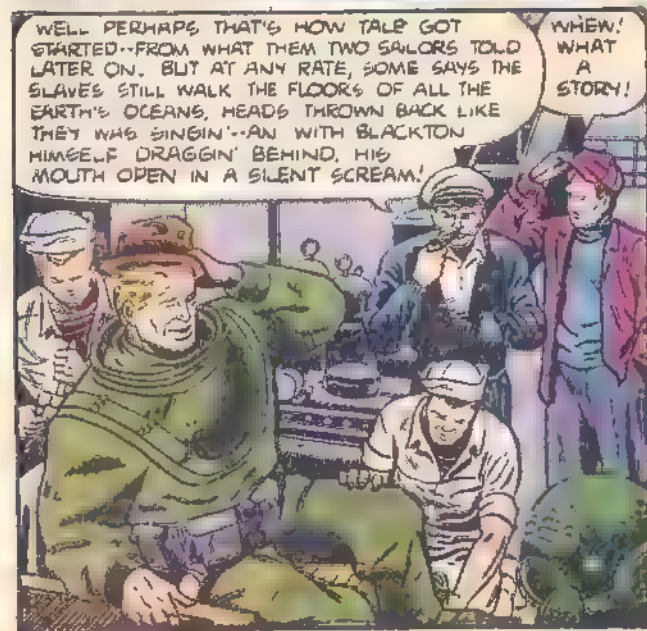
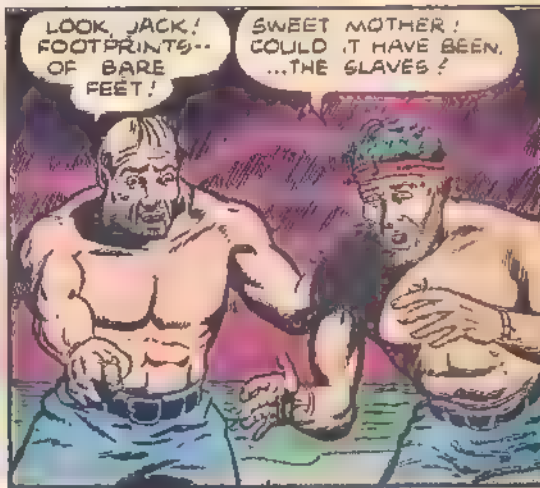
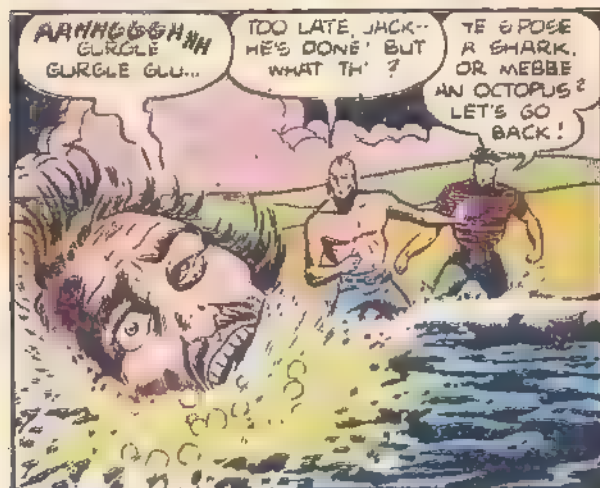
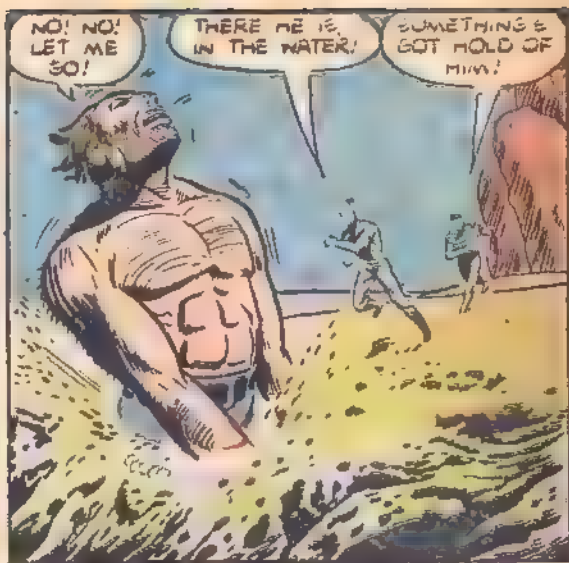
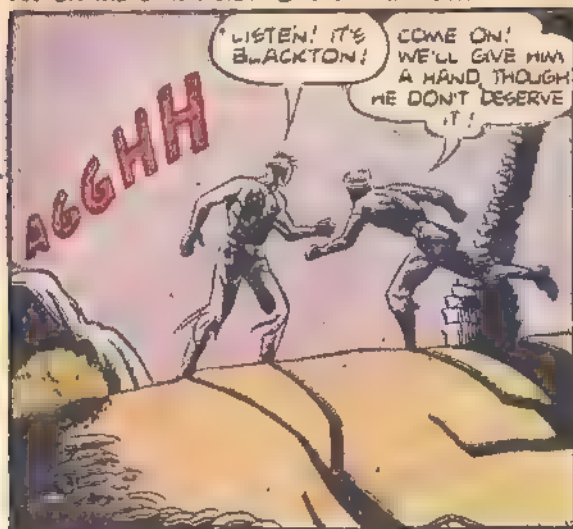
"STAY AWAY FROM ME! DON'T TOUCH ME, YOU SPAWN OF SATAN!"



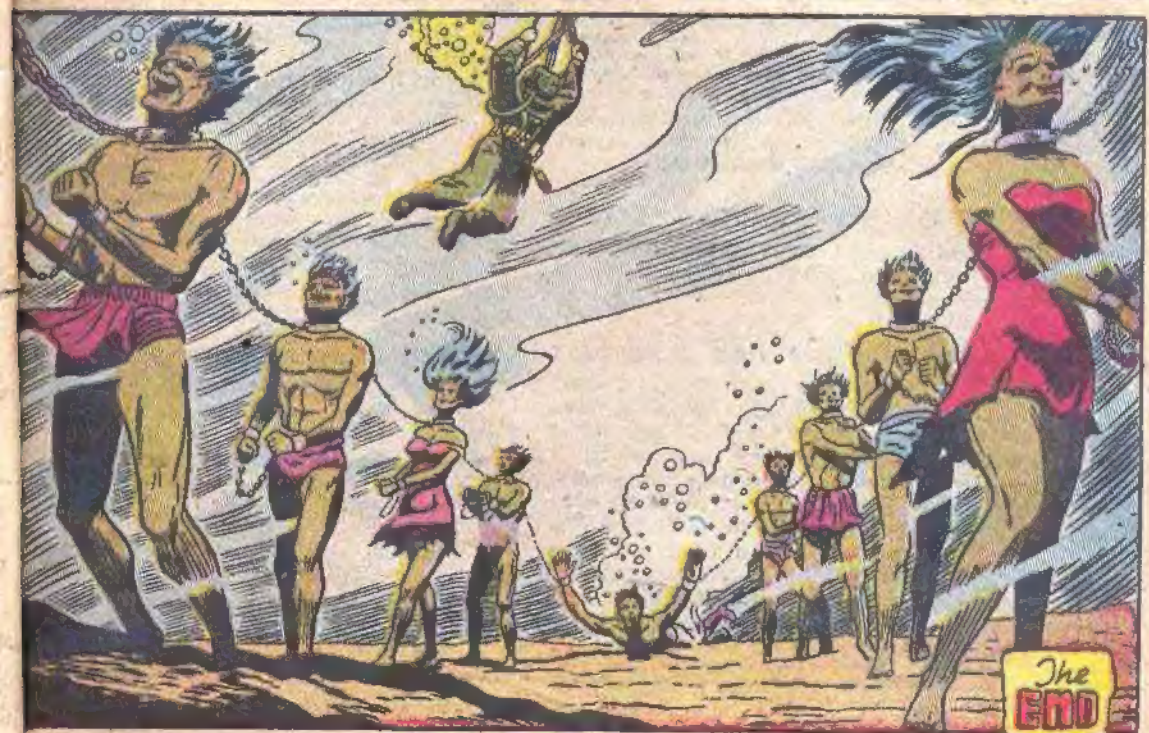
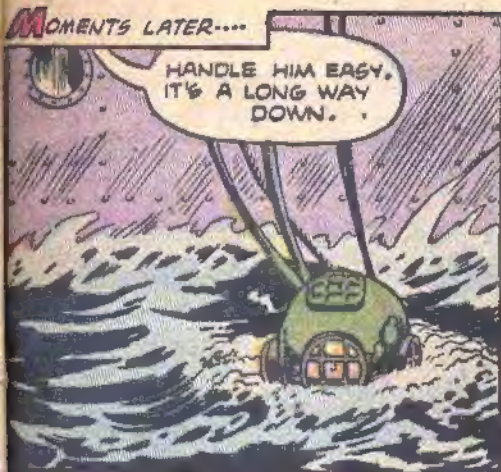
"NO! DON'T! AGGHHHHHAAAAA....



'AN' ON THE OTHER SIDE O' THE ISLAND...



MOMENTS LATER....



**The
END**



You get 'Shop Training' at home when you learn Television my way!

THOUSANDS OF TECHNICIANS NEEDED NOW — BE READY FOR A TOP-PAY JOB IN MONTHS

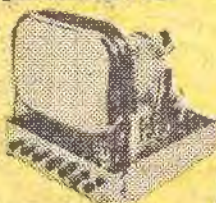
—Says R. C. Anderson, President of C.T.I.

A TRIPLE OPPORTUNITY FOR SUCCESS IN AMERICA'S FASTEST GROWING INDUSTRY

Why waste your time on a drudge job at low pay when you can learn to install and repair television sets so easily! As a technician, you can earn up to \$100 a week and more — with lots of opportunity for overtime. There's a shortage of technicians with 16 million sets now in operation. Experts say that within five years, 50 million receivers will be in use. What a chance to get in on the ground floor! You can quickly get a high-pay job with a dealer; open a shop of your own; or earn plenty of spare-time profits. C.T.I. trains you in months for success — at home in spare time.

YOU BUILD and KEEP A 16-INCH TELEVISION SET

In addition to over 100 well-illustrated, step-by-step lessons, C.T.I. sends you tools, parts and tubes for building a top-quality television receiver. You get valuable experience, and you keep the set to use and enjoy. Note that you learn TV—not just radio!



YOU GET 20 BIG KITS-BUILD TEST INSTRUMENTS



Besides assembling the television set, you also build your power supply unit; a fixed frequency generator; a grading bar generator (which creates a signal and makes testing possible even in remote areas). You build many circuits—get sound, comprehensive training applicable to any set, any make. You get special instruction with each kit.

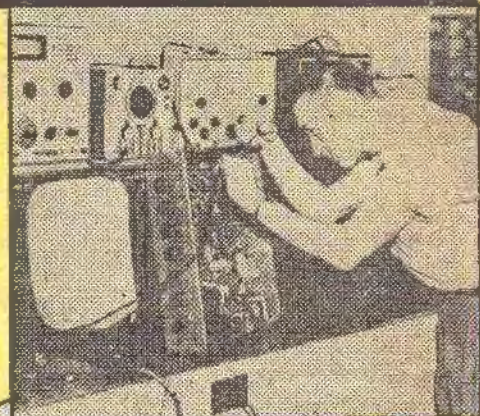
YOUR TRAINING IS KEPT UP-TO-DATE for 5 YEARS

Instruction material for 5 years is sent on any new developments—whether it may be color pictures, 3rd dimension or wall projection. This feature protects your tuition investment!

PROOF! From students and graduates

"I have a very nice business in radio and television. I also sell television sets and gross \$6,000 a month."—A. J. Perri, Mich. "Since graduating, I have been repairing TV sets. I have more business than I can keep up with."—John Marshall, Ill. "I now have my own service shop. There are two of us and we keep busy all the time."—Vernon Rikli, Wis. "My income has increased 34%; my equipment has increased 300% in the last three months; and I can diagnose 75% of all TV defects at a glance. You made everything possible."—Frank Delia, Ill. "My C.T.I. training was good enough to promote me to the managership of a TV and radio shop."—R. C. Miller, Wash. "I now own and operate my own shop."—Clifford Griffith, Ind.

Commercial Trades Institute, 836 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.



INDUSTRIAL ELECTRONICS NEEDS 70,000

Within three years, it is estimated that over 130,000 technicians will be required to install and maintain home TV receivers. But there are big opportunities in industrial electronics, too! A leading trade magazine recently stated that the electronics industry could use possibly 70,000 well-trained technicians right now. Your C.T.I. training prepares you for many good jobs in this field, as well as for positions in communications.

VALUABLE BOOKLET FREE!

We have prepared a valuable booklet entitled, "You Can Succeed in Television." It is jam-packed with facts. It describes your opportunities in television, and it tells how you can prepare for a well-paid position or a business of your own. Discover how easily you can learn television at home through C.T.I.'s famous shop-proved method . . . in months! Get the facts from the school that has graduated over 30,000 ambitious men! Mail coupon!

MAIL COUPON OR WRITE TODAY

COMMERCIAL TRADES INSTITUTE, Dept. A100
836 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.

Send valuable free booklet on course checked below:

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> TELEVISION | <input type="checkbox"/> Upholstering | <input type="checkbox"/> Practical Nursing |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Body-Fender | <input type="checkbox"/> Foremanship | <input type="checkbox"/> Charm and Modeling |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Building Construction | <input type="checkbox"/> Factory Management | <input type="checkbox"/> High School |
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Name _____ Age _____

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STOP SMOKING

**TOBACCO COUGH—TOBACCO HEART—TOBACCO BREATH—TOBACCO NERVES...
NEW, SAFE FORMULA HELPS YOU BREAK HABIT IN JUST 7 DAYS**



• YOU CAN STOP

- Tobacco Nerves **STOP**
- Tobacco Breath **STOP**
- Tobacco Cough **STOP**
- Burning Mouth **STOP**
Due To Smoking
- Hot Burning Tongue **STOP**
Due To Smoking
- Poisonous Nicotine **STOP**
Due To Smoking
- Tobacco expense

No matter how long you have been a victim of the expensive, unhealthy nicotine and smoke habit, this amazing scientific (easy to use) 7-day formula will help you to stop smoking—IN JUST SEVEN DAYS! Countless thousands who have broken the vicious Tobacco Habit now feel better, look better—actually feel healthier because they breath clean, cool fresh air into their lungs instead of the stultifying Tobacco tar, Nicotine, and Benzo Pyrene—all these irritants that come from cigarettes and cigars. You can't lose anything but the Tobacco Habit by trying this amazing easy method—You Can Stop Smoking!

SEND NO MONEY

**Aver. 1½-Pack per Day Smoker
Spends \$125.90 per Year**

Let us prove to you that smoking is nothing more than a repulsive habit that sends unhealthy impurities into your mouth, throat and lungs... a habit that does you no good and may result in harmful physical reactions. Spend those tobacco \$\$\$ on useful, healthgiving benefits for yourself and your loved ones. Send NO Money! Just mail the Coupon on our absolute Money-Back Guarantee that this 7-Day test will help banish your desire for tobacco—not for days or weeks, but FOREVER! Mail the coupon today

HOW HARMFUL ARE CIGARETTES AND CIGARS?

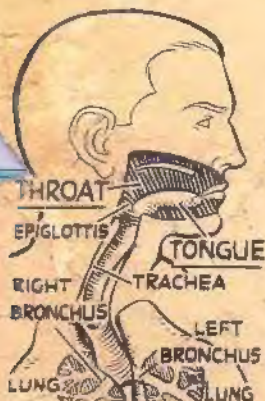
Numerous Medical Papers have been written about the evil, harmful effects of Tobacco Breath, Tobacco Heart, Tobacco Lungs, Tobacco Mouth, Tobacco Nervousness... Now, here at last is the amazing easy-to-take scientific discovery that helps destroy your desire to smoke in just 7 Days—or it won't cost you one cent. Mail the coupon today—the only thing you can lose is the offensive, expensive, unhealthy smoking habit!

ATTENTION DOCTORS:

Doctor, we can help you, too! Many Doctors are unwilling victims to the repulsive Tobacco Habit. We make the guarantee to you, too, Doctor. (A Guarantee that most Doctors dare not make to their own patients)... If this sensational discovery does not banish your craving for tobacco forever... your money cheerfully refunded.



YOU WILL LOSE THE DESIRE TO SMOKE IN 7 DAYS... OR NO COST TO YOU



Here's What Happens When You Smoke...

The nicotine laden smoke you inhale becomes deposited on your throat and lungs... (The average Smoker does this 300 times a day!) Nicotine irritates the Mucous Membranes of the respiratory tract and Tobacco Tar injures those membranes. Stop Tobacco Cough, Tobacco Heart, Tobacco Breath. Banish smoking forever, or no cost to you. Mail the coupon now.

Don't be a slave to tobacco... Enjoy your right to clean, healthful, natural living. Try this amazing discovery for just 7-Days... Easy to take, pleasant, no after-taste. If you haven't broken the smoking habit forever return empty carton in 10 Days for prompt refund. Mail the coupon now.

STOP SMOKING—MAIL COUPON NOW!

DOCTOR'S ORDERS PRODUCTS
7-Day Tobacco Curb—Dept. 46,
6349 North Western Avenue
Chicago 45, Illinois

SENT TO YOU IN
PLAIN WRAPPER

On your 10-Day Money-Back Guarantee send me Doctor's Orders 7-Day Tobacco Curb. If not entirely satisfied I can return for prompt refund.

☐ Send 7-Day Supply, I will pay Postman \$2.00 plus Postage and C.O.D. Charges.

Save 45c on C.O.D. Money Order Fee and Postage by sending cash with Order. Same Money-Back Guarantee applies.

Enclosed is \$2.00 for 7-Day Supply, you pay postage costs.

— Enclosed is \$4.00 for 2 boxes of the 7-Day Supply for myself and a loved one. You pay postage costs.

NAME _____ (Please Print)

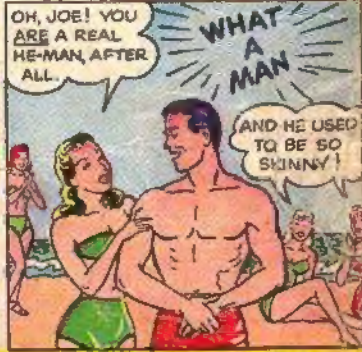
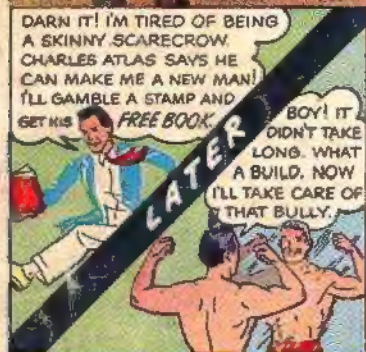
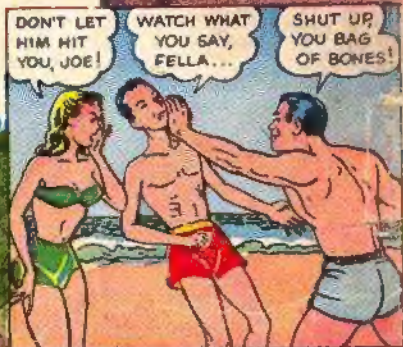
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Hey SKINNY!

...YER RIBS ARE SHOWING!



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes a Day!



PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny 97-pound body. I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my body-building system, "Dynamic Tension." It made me such a complete specimen of manhood that I hold the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

What's My Secret?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, fellow smiling back at you — then you'll be astonished at how fast "Dynamic Tension" GETS RESULTS! It is the easy, NATURAL method and you can practice in the privacy of your own room — JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY. Just watch your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell... those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge... and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

Thousands are becoming husky — my way. I give you no gadgets to fool with. With "Dynamic Tension" you simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body — watch it grow and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

FREE My 32-Page Illustrated Book is Yours — Not for \$1.00 or 10c — But **FREE**

Send for my book, *Everlasting Health and Strength*, 32 pages of photos, valuable advice. Shows what *Dynamic Tension* can do, answers vital questions. A real prize for any fellow who wants a better life. I'll send you a copy. It may change your life. Rush coupon personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 4022, 115 E. Street, New York 10.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 4022,
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Send me — absolutely **FREE** — a copy of your famous book, *Everlasting Health and Strength* — 32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital questions, and valuable advice. This book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

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